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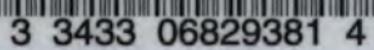
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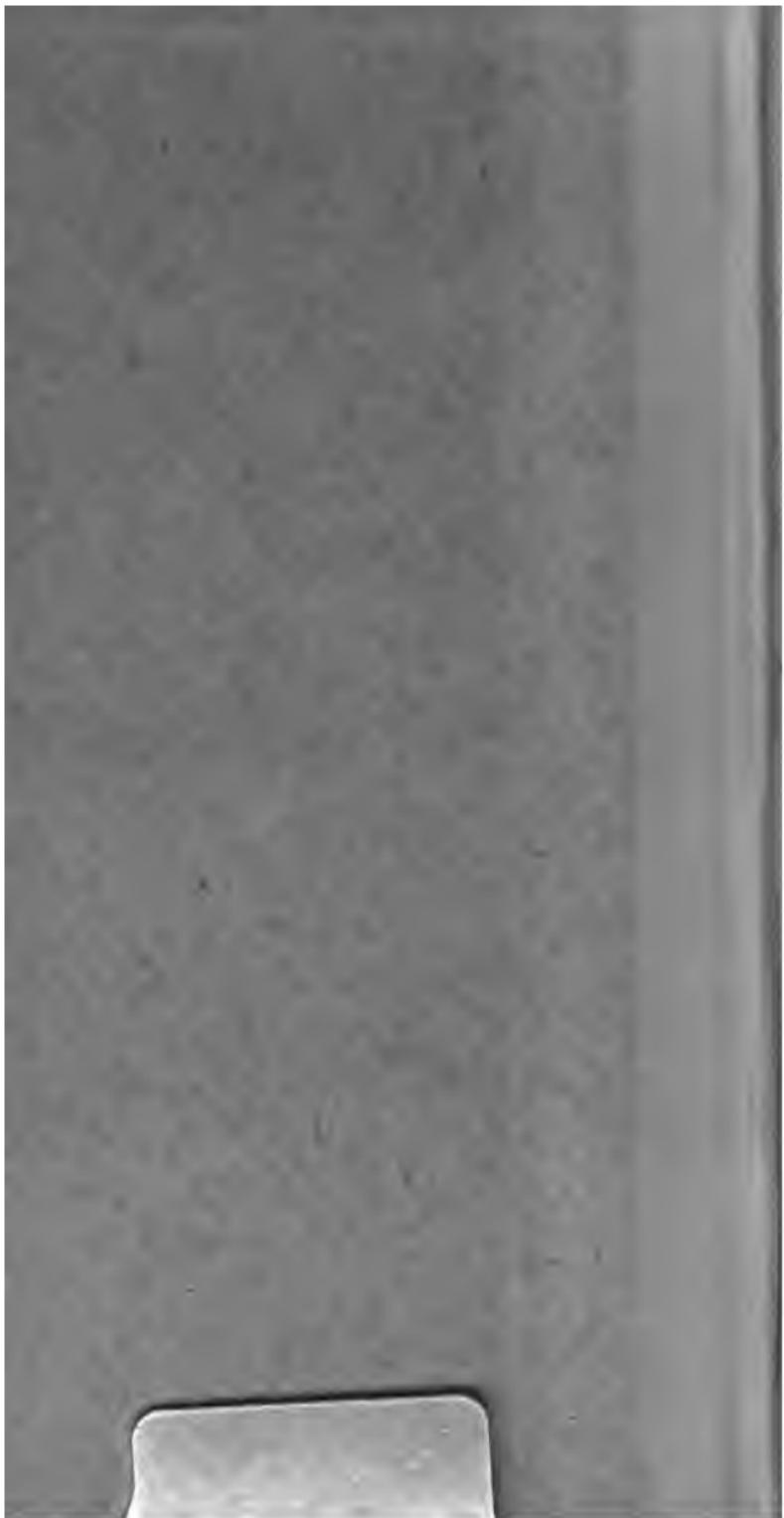
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A Century

OF

SACRED SONGS.

ZHZ

(Grinfield)



# A Century

OF

## ORIGINAL SACRED SONGS;

COMPOSED FOR FAVOURITE AIRS.

BY

THOMAS GRINFIELD, M. A.

AUTHOR OF 'THE VISIONS OF PATMOS,' 'THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD AND OTHER SACRED POEMS.'

"Smit with the love of Sacred Song."—*Milton.*

SECOND EDITION.

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LONDON:

HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO. PATERNOSTER ROW;  
AND J. CHILCOTT, BRISTOL.

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MDCCXXXVIII.



**BRISTOL:**

**J. CHILCOTT, PRINTER, WINE STREET.**

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JULY 1863  
WAGONS

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## P R E F A C E.

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POETRY, associated with Music in the expression of devotional sentiment, is once and again recommended to Christians by St. Paul, under the threefold distribution of "Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs."<sup>1</sup> The series of short poems, contained in this volume, may be regarded as humble specimens of the third class, as distinct from the "psalms" of the inspired volume, and from "hymns" designed for congregational use.

<sup>1</sup> Ephesians v. 19. Colossians iii. 16. "Odes," as Dr. Macknight remarks on the word rendered 'songs,' "were poems composed to be *sung*, accompanied by the lyre, or other musical instrument."

It may be affirmed, without meriting the charge of censoriousness, that songs are usually associated with sentiments of a character at the best innocently frivolous, neither adapted nor intended to benefit the mind. The most numerous and the most admired compositions of this class are, by a sort of hereditary claim, *amatory*: their influence, so far as it prevails, is employed to awaken the softer passions, and enervate youthful sensibility. Yet, when it is remembered how many hours are allotted to vocal music of this lighter kind; a reflecting observer can scarcely forbear to regret that so favourite a recreation should not be more frequently improved into a delightful medium of moral and religious benefit.

Songs there doubtless are,—and of such not a few may be selected from the myriad—which, without pretending to importance in their sentiments, are elegantly pleasing or pathetic. Of songs like these, who would blame the temperate indulgence? Yet even these may not be adapted to satisfy the taste of those who, desirous to blend

Religion with their musical enjoyments, would prefer, to songs of every other cast, an air combined with Christian thoughts and sacred influences.

To persons of such a taste the present volume is submitted. The writer has aimed to supply a series of songs congenial with a devotional mind. It is only where such a mind exists, (and happily it is often found in the numerous class of our *fair* musicians,) that songs, of a character so unworldly and unfashionable, are likely to obtain a favoured reception. That an attempt to consecrate popular melodies may be slighted or disparaged by the *irreligious*, must indeed be expected: but let the writer hope that both the motive and the tendency of such an attempt may secure it from the dispraise of *serious Christians*; and that even those, who cannot dismiss their prejudice against the *airs* as thus employed, may extend their favour to the *verses*.

Many religious persons entertain a distaste for the

association of sacred sentiments with secular tunes, and affirm that they cannot disenchant the mind of the unhallowed influence produced by the original words. So far as relates to "the music of the church," the writer entirely concurs with the author of an excellent treatise on that subject,<sup>2</sup> in the exclusion of secular tunes from the psalmody of public worship: the diversified character of the assembly combines with the sanctity of the place and occasion to justify such an exclusion. The case is very different, where a few congenial friends in domestic privacy indulge their taste for "singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord :" to such, it is hoped, the following series of songs may prove no unwelcome or unprofitable contribution.

These little compositions—which have remained in manuscript beyond the nine years prescribed by Horace,

<sup>2</sup> "The Music of the Church :" by John Antes La Trobe, M. A.  
1831.

and have so long fulfilled their design within the precincts of a family—are here presented to the public in a form adapted to their employment either *in union with*, or *apart from*, the corresponding airs. Their arrangement, in the order in which they were produced, may be mentioned as affording an incidental apology for any disregard of connection or progression among the subjects as here disposed; while the original association of sentiment is thus preserved. They were commenced as a pleasing and promising experiment, for the use of a family circle, on some of those national airs, of which the writer had been an early admirer; and, within little more than a year, they were found to have accumulated into the “Century<sup>3</sup> of Sacred Songs,” which now appears. Most

<sup>3</sup> If authority were required for this unaccustomed, but strictly appropriate, use of the word here employed; it might be found in Shakspeare’s expression, “a century of prayers;” (Cymbeline, act iv. scene 2,) or in “A Century of Inventions,” by the Marquis of Worcester, 1671, edited with notes by C. F. Partington, 1825.

of the airs were selected from works so widely circulated, that it is deemed sufficient to mark them in the manner employed in the index, at the end of this volume. In some *few* instances, in which the melody was derived from compositions not generally known, the verses must be left to *speak without song*; and, deprived of their musical associates, to wait the chance of some new alliance from the taste of those whose notice they may be so fortunate as to engage.

Regarded merely as poems, and divested of their original character as expressions of music, these songs may be found (let the writer hope) to possess recommendations of their own, independent of the charm of instrumental harmony and vocal melody. Songs, not of Parnassus, but of Sion, they give utterance to varied musings on religious themes: many<sup>4</sup> were the irrepressible effusions of devotion, occasioned by a solemn visitation: and if all,

<sup>4</sup> The songs from No. 48 to No. 80.

like the airs for which they were composed, are brief and slight; let them enjoy the benefit of the just remark, “*Inest sua gratia parvis.*”

A feeling of strangeness and constraint may naturally be expected to attend the *first* transition from the accustomed words to others expressive of sentiment so dissimilar: but,—if the writer may appeal to his own experience, or to the more impartial opinion of others who have tried the musical effect of these songs—in this, more easily than in most instances, the spell of habit is broken, *when we are willing to break it*; the old associations of sentiment are soon displaced by the new, *where the chief requisite is present, a mind attuned to sacred themes*; while the sweet or tender, the solemn or pathetic spirit of the melody as truly and as beautifully blends itself with the adapted cast of thought, in the religious as in the irreligious song. The only real disparity or contrast, by which the feeling of strangeness is at first occasioned, is that which subsists between the two

classes of sentiment, the sacred and the profane: between the sentiment and the melody there may subsist, in either case, an equal and a perfect accordance.<sup>5</sup> To an unprejudiced ear, the sweet and well-known air composed for a love-song of Ben Jonson, and here assigned to LXXXI, harmonises as well, and far more worthily, with that beautiful hymn of Watts, which celebrates the “land

<sup>5</sup> As fair and easy tests of this assertion, let any of the following “Sacred Songs” be tried, in union with the *well-known* airs, to which they are respectively assigned in the index. Introductory stanzas, Nos. I, VI, XI, XII, XV, XXVI, XXIX, XXXVII, XLIV, XLVIII, LVIII, LXIV, LXXI, LXXIV, LXXXV, LXXXVI, LXXXVIII, XC, XCI, XCVI, XCIX, C.—It is unnecessary to remind the musician, that the airs, even those which were before of a light and sprightly character, should be executed, as they are *here* employed, in a slow and serious manner, congenial with their new and sacred application. In some of the songs, particular stanzas may be selected, as peculiarly adapted to the voice and air. Perhaps their effect may be rather improved than impaired, when they are expressed by the voice alone, in solo or duet, without instrumental accompaniment; especially if the experiment be made in a sequestered scene of nature’s summer beauty.

of pure delight;" confessedly unsuited as is such an air for admission into the psalmody of public worship. Should there appear, in some of the following songs, a failure in the adjustment of the sentiment to the music; that failure should be imputed rather to the unskilfulness of the artist, than to the nature of the attempt.

"Let but a wise and well-instructed hand  
Once take the shell beneath his just command ;  
In gentle tones it seems as it complain'd  
Of the rude injuries it late sustain'd ;  
Till, tun'd at length to some immortal song,  
It sounds JEHOVAH's name, and pours His praise along."\*

\* COWPER: "Conversation."

AUGUST, MDCCCXXXVI, CLIFTON.



## SECOND EDITION.

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IN the Index appended to the present Edition, the writer has substituted several well-known and (he trusts) well-adapted Airs in the place of others which, however beautiful, were difficult to be obtained. He has also enriched the 'Additional Pieces' with an admirable and apparently unpublished version of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, from the pen of Merrick, the poetical translator of the Psalms.

OCTOBER, 1837.



## Inscription.

---

DEAREST OF FRIENDS, BY HEAVEN PROVIDED  
KINDLY TO BLESS THE PATH IT GUIDED ;  
THINE IS LOVE THAT CANNOT CLOY ;  
FROM THAT LOVE HOW MUCH I BORROW !  
THOU HAST DOUBLED ALL MY JOY,  
LIGHTEN'D ALL MY SORROW.

YEAR AFTER YEAR HAS MADE THEE DEARER,  
BINDING US EACH TO OTHER NEARER.  
GRACIOUS HEAVEN, EMBALM OUR LOVE ;  
LET NOT DEATH ITS UNION SEVER ;  
GRANT THAT, GLORIFIED ABOVE,  
THAT LOVE MAY LIVE FOR EVER !

THINE BE THESE LAYS ; AND, SHOULD THEY PERISH,  
STRONGER THAN DEATH THE LOVE WE CHERISH.  
YET I'LL TRUST, IF LAYS LIKE THESE  
THY SWEET PRAISE WAS OFT CONFERR'D ON,  
THEY SOME KINDRED MINDS MAY PLEASE :—  
THIS SHALL BE THEIR GUERDON.

FEB. 16, 1828.



## INTRODUCTORY STANZAS.

---

### CONSECRATION OF SONG.

#### 1.

Oh, why should verse and music, given  
To breathe the soul of sacred themes,  
Be meanly forc'd from claiming heaven,  
Be lost on passion's worthless dreams ?

—No more I sing for earth ; no more  
Beguil'd by light, unhallow'd lays,

**LET ME MY TUNEFUL POWERS RESTORE**

**TO HIM WHO GAVE THEM FOR HIS PRAISE.**

## 2.

And yet the *sounds* are guiltless all :

—Those lovely sounds, with feeling fraught,

From wandering words I'd fain recall,

And link with far, far other thought.

'Twere hard to bid the *sounds* adieu,

Because the *words* we deem profane :

**THEN GATHER FRUIT WHERE THISTLES GREW,**

**TO SACRED TURN WHAT ONCE WAS VAIN.**

## 3.

Ah, feel thy life, thus wing'd with haste,

To reach its near eternal goal,

Too precious feel, too brief, to waste

On strains, how far beneath a soul !

—Yet sing : heaven echoes with sweet song :

'Tis all by heaven thy song is given :

Would'st thou thy notes in heaven prolong ?

**THEN SING; BUT TUNE THOSE NOTES FOR HEAVEN**

## 4.

How oft, in calm, unearthly mood,  
Ere daylight with its cares return'd,  
O'er these lov'd lays the muse would brood,  
Till all my soul within me burn'd !  
And oft, in lonely, languid hour,  
When, Sickness, on thy couch I lay,  
This sweet resource has prov'd its power  
To hallow, while it cheer'd, the day.

## 5.

As varied came the mood of mind,  
The varied theme of song I chose ;  
To grief or joy the notes inclin'd,  
And prayer or praise responsive rose :  
Or heaven's own page Remembrance us'd ;  
Or lore from nature Fancy drew :  
While, above all, whate'er I mus'd,  
A SAVIOUR shone, and charm'd the view.

## 6.

Beam, Friend Divine, thy smile desir'd !  
—Oh, might I deem these lowly lays  
Breathings of soul, by thee inspir'd—  
Yet take them, turn them to thy praise !  
And, whether sole or social sung,  
Thine influence to these lays be given,  
Tuning the spirit, with the tongue,  
Its earthly tone to change for heaven !

DEC. 18, 1826.

## SACRED SONGS.

---

—“WHOM THE LORD LOVETH HE CHASTENETH.”

Malachi xii. 6.

### 1.

How does the WORLD, with smiling face,  
Its treacherous love display ?  
The siren strews with many a charm  
Her heedless victim's way :  
She points him where Ambition woos,  
And Glory, man'd in vain ;  
Where Wealth its glittering curse pursues,  
Or Pleasure dies in pain.

### 2.

But how does HEAVEN, in faithful love,  
Its favour'd nursing try ;

SACRED SONGS.

PART II.—THE CHRISTIAN'S REQUEST OF HIS  
SAVIOUR.

When, my heart beguiling,  
All around is smiling;  
Oh, Lord, remember me:  
When afflictions press me,  
Sins and fears distress me,  
Oh, still remember me:  
On the couch when lying,  
Languishing and dying;  
When the last, last sighing  
Yields my soul to thee;  
Then, when friends are failing,  
Nought on earth availing,  
Oh, then remember me.

ART III.—THE SAVIOUR'S REQUEST OF THE  
CHRISTIAN.

## 1.

WHEN, caress'd, caressing,  
Thine each earthly blessing ;  
Wilt thou remember me ?  
Then, when sunshine fails thee,  
Then, when storm assails thee,  
Will I remember thee.  
When my word is spoken ;  
When the bread is broken,  
Of my death the token,  
Midst my “ two or three ; ”  
Then thy Friend, once bleeding,  
Now in glory pleading,  
Then most remember me.

## 2.

When my brethren languish,  
Press'd with want or anguish ;  
In them remember me :  
When thou hear'st what millions  
Death's dark shade pavilions ;  
In them remember me :  
Think what once I suffer'd,  
How my life I offer'd,  
How my love discover'd,  
Love to all, to thee :  
Thus, with love's emotion—  
Thus, with life's devotion—  
Oh, thus remember me.

## 3.

Wait awhile ; be fervent ;  
As my friend and servant  
Awhile remember me :

Soon shall faith to vision  
Yield in sweet transition,  
If thou remember me :  
Soon, with those before thee  
Gather'd into glory;  
Thou, too, shalt adore me ;  
Soon my face shalt see ;  
All thy faint remembrance  
Lost in bright resemblance ;—  
Oh, then remember me.

OCT. 10, 1825.

## III.—CONVERSE WITH CHRIST IN SOLITUDE.

## 1.

Oh, how sweet, divinely pleasant,  
Passing aught by worldling known,  
To converse with Christ as present;  
Ne'er less lonely than alone !<sup>2</sup>

## 2.

Every feeling to surrender,  
Every secret joy or woe,  
To that Friend, so true, so tender,  
Who can all our nature know !

## 3.

Son of God, and seed of woman,  
Full of wisdom, power, and grace,  
He, the Friend, divine, yet human,  
Meets our nature's every case.

Oct. 15, 1825.

<sup>2</sup> "Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus esset."—CICERO.

## —ADMONITION TO THE HEART IN RETIREMENT.

## 1.

WHEN I rove or rest alone,  
All unheard, unseen, unknown ;  
Dare I stain with wilful sin  
Outward act, or thought within ?

## 2.

Think, my soul, thy Lord is nigh ;  
Awe thee with his holy eye :  
Think, thy Saviour, thron'd in bliss,  
Was he crucified for this ?—

## 3.

Lord and Saviour, in thy sight  
Still renew my heart aright ;  
While my footsteps, led by love,  
Swift in sweet obedience move :

## 4.

Let me still to thee resign  
Every wish ; oh, make it thine !  
Sin-born sorrow then shall cease,  
Then shall all be light and peace.

Oct. 27, 1825.

## V.—SEEKING THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

## 1.

WHEN I wake at silent night,  
To thee my thoughts are tending ;  
When at sweet return of light,  
To thee, O Lord, ascending.  
Oft, mid crowds and cares of day,  
Thy converse I'm desiring ;  
Oft, while evening steals away,  
To hear thy voice, retiring.  
Thou present,—all's pleasant ;  
Not near me,—none cheer me :  
Still, oh, still be near, I pray,  
Still keep my soul aspiring !

## 2.

If so sweet to seek thy face,  
As I so oft have found thee,  
Quite alone, or in the place  
Where gather'd saints surround thee ;

Think how, past expression, sweet  
To share thy full communion,  
Where, all love, thy servants meet  
In heaven's eternal union !

Oh, never,—Lord, sever,  
Ne'er leave me—to grieve thee ;  
Till, thy work of grace complete,  
In glory thou receive me !

Dec. 11, 1825.

## VI.—THE BETTER CHOICE.

## 1.

TEMPT no more, ye siren pleasures ;  
Oh, how soon your day is o'er !  
Fading honours, faithless treasures ;  
Lost your empire ; tempt no more.  
True delight I've now discover'd,  
Solid glory, endless gain :  
All too long my vain heart hover'd  
O'er thy shadows, world, as vain.

## 2.

Since I've known my soul's condition,  
Since I daily feel it press ;  
Could I find my true fruition  
Where was none to save, to bless ?  
Round me, lo, a new creation ;  
Jesus makes the sunshine there ;  
While his Spirit's inspiration  
Cheers my soul, its vital air.

Dec. 14, 1825.

VII.—THE OLD AND THE NEW CREATION.<sup>3</sup>

## 1.

WHEN man to God-like being sprung,  
How sweet the glorious boon he found !  
While heaven with notes of gladness rung,  
Lo, Eden's beauty smiles around :  
Where'er the stranger bends his view,  
'Tis wondrous all, divinely new.

## 2.

By hands unseen the virgin soil  
Is with unlabour'd plenty crown'd :  
—But soon must Adam bow to toil,  
Must dress the late spontaneous ground ;  
And ah, too soon the thorn appears,  
Too soon he blends his bread with tears.

<sup>3</sup> Originally composed for Mozart's fine air, "The Manly Heart."

## 3.

E'en thus, when man is born anew,  
And being's forfeit bliss is given ;  
Lo, new-born Eden starts to view,  
While angel harps rejoice in heaven :  
'Tis wondrous all, divinely bright,  
And the "new creature" walks in light.

## 4.

Then, too, the heart's unlabour'd soil  
Is with mysterious plenty crown'd :  
—But soon he finds 'tis meet to toil,  
And dress with sighs the wayward ground ;  
For ah, too soon the thorn appears,  
And heaven's own bread is mix'd with tears.

## 5.

Yet, onward, is no scene display'd,  
Whose bright beginnings ne'er decay ?  
Must still the prospect ope to fade ?  
Still clouds o'ercast the new-born day ?

No ; see the *last* creation burst ;  
All clouds, all changes, there dispers'd.

## 6.

No thorns that paradise infest ;  
No bitter tears its harvest leaven ;  
No toils disturb its hallow'd rest :  
Unlabour'd plenty lasts in heaven.  
Then oh, let faith, let patience here,  
With hope, unfainting, persevere.

JAN. 7, 1826.

## VIII.—REST SOUGHT AND FOUND.

## 1.

'Tis vain, all vain :  
Where'er I sought around,  
    No rest from pain  
My wounded spirit found.  
    Awhile my heart  
    Forgot to smart,  
Ere slumbering guilt awoke :  
    But where was balm,  
    Its ache to calm,  
When once it felt the stroke ?

## 2.

At last I heard  
"A still small voice," how sweet :  
    My heart it stirr'd,  
And won an answer meet.

Lord, grant I may,  
Whene'er I stray,  
To that soft call give ear!  
May still thy voice  
My heart rejoice,  
In every grief or fear!

## 3.

"Twas—"Come to me,  
Thou weak and weary breast;  
And I to thee  
Will give the wish'd-for rest:  
My burden take,  
Thine own forsake."  
"Oh yes;" no longer dumb,  
With wistful sighs  
My heart replies;  
"I come, dear Lord, I come."

JAN. 13, 1826.

## IX.—THE RAINBOW.

## 1.

BEAUTIFUL rainbow, expanded on high ;  
Smiling the brighter, the darker the sky ;  
Amber and rose unite ;  
But the sweet emerald light<sup>4</sup>  
Triumphs most exquisite,  
Charming the eye.

## 2.

Emblem of harmonis'd glory and grace,  
Beaming from heaven in Emmanuel's face.  
Thus, out of darkness, lo,  
Brightens the mystic bow,  
Where, in triumphant glow,  
Mercy we trace.

JAN. 15, 1826.

<sup>4</sup> See Rev. iv. 3. comp. Ezek. i. 27, 28.

## X.—THE REDBREAST.

“ The redbreast warbles still.”

COWPER, *Winter Walk at Noon.*

## 1.

How all our summer joys are vanish'd !

The flowerless fields are chill ;

The woodlands bare, the warblers banish'd ;

Yet see the redbreast still

Lone lingering, with sweet voice to cheer

The wanderer midst a scene so drear.

## 2.

And thus, though life's brief sunshine fail him,

And summer joys be past ;

Though wintry wind and gloom assail him,

And death's cold vale at last ;

Hope, sweet-voic'd hope, shall ne'er depart,

But cheer, through all, the Christian's heart.

## 3.

When all the fields and woods were smiling,  
The redbreast's note was dear ;  
But dearer, thus alone beguiling  
The sadness of the year :  
And now, with thine, blithe wintry bird,  
The minstrel's voice once more is heard.

## 4.

And sweet the Christian oft was singing,  
In life's more sunny day ;  
Yet see to him its winter bringing  
A lonelier, lovelier lay :  
When others mute are mourning round,  
Then, sweetest then, his harp will sound.<sup>6</sup>

JAN. 16, 1826.

6 " As oft as I hear the robin redbreast chirp it as cheerfully in September, the beginning of winter, as in March, the approach of summer ; why should not *we* (say I) give as cheerful entertainment to the hoary frosty hairs of our age's winter, as to the primroses of our youth's spring ? why not to the declining

## XI.—PRAISE.

## 1.

FAREWELL to sadness ;  
Let every tear depart ;  
Wake all to gladness,  
Wake, oh my heart !  
Shall worldly triflers raise the song  
O'er pleasures they must lose ere long ?  
And shall not those rejoice and sing,  
Who love the heavenly King ?

Farewell to sadness, &c.

## 2.

True ; we have reason  
Deep sighs of prayer to raise ;  
Yet there's a season,  
Also, for praise.

sun of adversity, as (like Persians) to the rising sun of prosperity ? I am sent to the dove to learn innocency ; and why not to this bird to learn equanimity and patience?"—WARRICK's *Spare Minutes*, 1637.

For lo, what love, where'er we turn,  
Calls our cold hearts with love to burn,  
And here begin the song that through  
Eternal years is new !

Yes ; while we've reason  
Deep sighs of prayer to raise ;  
Still there's a season,  
Also, for praise.

## 3.

Think how He gave us  
His dear, His only Son,  
Dying to save us  
Sinners undone.  
This, all His countless gifts above,  
This tells our hearts that GOD IS LOVE ;  
This tunes the harps of heaven to lays  
Of everlasting praise.

Think how, &c.

## 4.

Then, farewell sadness;

Let every tear depart;

Wake all to gladness,

Wake, oh my heart!

Let saints on earth unite their voice

With those that round the throne rejoice:

Since grace, with glory, sings, ere long,

We'll catch the heavenly song.

So, farewell sadness, &c.

JAN. 17, 1826.

## XII.—THE CHRISTIAN'S VIEW OF DEATH.

## 1.

WHAT though this frame must perish,  
And clay return to clay ;  
A heavenly hope I'll cherish  
Of life beyond decay :  
And would I linger ever  
Where all is mix'd with pain ?  
Nor from that body sever,  
Which binds me like a chain ?

## 2.

Oh, happy those departed  
In holy faith and love !  
With sin and pain they smarted ;  
No sin, no pain, above.  
Oh, happy, happy number !  
The path *we* tread, *they* trod ;  
Now, while their bodies slumber,  
Their spirits live with God.

## 3.

Thou, then, whose Spirit frees us  
From guilt-born fear of death ;  
Prepare me, matchless Jesus,  
To lose all fear in faith !  
And, when I dying languish,  
Be thy sweet presence given,  
The soother of my anguish,  
The earnest of my heaven !

JAN. 18, 1826.

XIII.—THE DEPARTED SAINT.<sup>7</sup>

## 1.

Blest spirit, who hast gain'd admission  
To faith's bright world, thy trial o'er;  
How different thine from our condition!  
How different from thine own before!  
Then, earthly care and pain would press thee;  
Then, more than aught of earthly ill,  
Would sin's indwelling weight distress thee,  
That weight which *we* must groan with still.

## 2.

Now, from this vale of sin-born sadness  
Wafted to death's immortal side;  
Where all is light, and love, and gladness,  
Thou dwell'st, thou ever shalt abide.

<sup>7</sup> Sacred to the memory of a departed Father.

Now, at its fount, thou drink'st the favour  
That wak'd thy thirst, all else above ;  
The presence of that glorious Saviour,  
Whom here thy faith had learn'd to love.

## 3.

There, midst the countless congregation,  
Thou meet'st thy dear, remember'd friends ;  
While He, the sun of that creation,  
O'er each his beaming smile extends.  
There welcome those, whose sighs pursue thee ;  
And oh, to them, to me, be given  
To trace thy footsteps, till we view thee,  
And share, and swell, thy bliss in heaven !

JAN. 19, 1826.

-“I WILL GO IN THE STRENGTH OF THE LORD.”

Ps. lxxi. 16.

1.

WERE salvation's hope suspended,  
Save on Thine almighty arm ;  
All that hope with me were ended ;  
Nought could still my heart's alarm.  
Such a world of guilt distresses,  
Such an infinite of sin,  
Such an evil nature presses ;  
Helpless, hopeless, all within.

2.

But the Saviour's boundless merit  
Can my boundless guilt efface ;  
But His heart-renewing Spirit  
Ne'er withholds His trusted grace.

On I'll go, in meek reliance,  
Saviour, on that work of Thine;  
Onward, bidding foes defiance,  
Spirit, in Thy might Divine!

## 3.

Could my guilt have e'er been hidden,  
Hadst not Thou its covering wrought?  
Could I e'er have come, though bidden,  
Till my heart Thy Spirit brought?  
Can I, by mine own endeavour,  
E'en in converse with Thy word,  
Gain departed comfort?—never:  
All my strength is in the L<sup>O</sup>R<sup>D</sup>.

## 4.

Oh, to me the matchless favour  
Of Nathaniel's guileless heart,  
Whole devoted to his Saviour,—  
Lord of heavenly gifts, impart!

Childlike be my faith, and simple,<sup>8</sup>  
Easy, cheerful, strong, complete ;  
From each idol purge Thy temple,  
For Thy Spirit's dwelling meet !

JAN. 20, 1826.

<sup>8</sup> “ *A legal bias* is natural to us ; and during life a degree of it prevails, of which the Christian himself is not sufficiently aware : he is searching after something in which, if he does not glory, he may insensibly trust ; and he feels his hope varying with his attainments, as if the first were founded on the last. All this is over in a dying hour : *then* he *must* have immediate consolation ; and, in looking to the Saviour, he has a satisfaction, which was hindered before only by unbelief.”—JAY’s *Christian Contemplated*.

## XV.—OLD AGE:

THAT OF THE WORLDLING CONTRASTED WITH THAT OF  
THE CHRISTIAN.

## I.

When age with wintry force invades  
This frail abode of clay ;  
How all the worldling's pleasure fades !  
How all his hopes decay !  
While summer smil'd, the scene was fair,  
Sweet roses grac'd the bowers ;  
But now December chills the air,  
Oh, where are now the flowers ?  
If back the trifler turn his eye,  
Can memory's joy be given ?  
Can hope its charm to him supply,  
Who wants a Friend in heaven ?

## 2.

Yet then, when nature yields to years,  
And worn-out senses fail,  
The Christian happiest oft appears,  
His brightest views prevail.  
Sweet memory, then, hath oft retrac'd  
The favour'd path he trod ;  
Then, sweeter yet, will hope foretaste  
His near repose with God.  
So blooms the plant, for ever green ;  
It grac'd the summer day :  
And now 'tis loveliest in the scene  
Where all beside decay.<sup>9</sup>

JAN. 22, 1826.

<sup>9</sup> Psalm xcii. 12—14.

## XVI.—“OH, THAT I WERE AS IN MONTHS PAST!”

Job xxix. 2.

## 1.

Oh, return that happier day !  
Why so swiftly past away ?  
Day of sacred peace, return,  
Leave me not to mourn !  
Then, no sin, no grief, assail'd ;  
Sweet composure then prevail'd ;  
Meek simplicity my breast,  
Tender then, possess'd.

## 2.

Then, my heart's fair garden grew,  
Glistering with a gracious dew ;  
I, in sunshine calm and bright,  
Walk'd,—in heaven's own light.

Where is now that gracious dew ?  
Ah, 'tis brush'd, exhal'd from view :  
Where that sunshine calm and bright ?  
Clouds have marr'd its light.

## 3.

Yet the sun, that shone erewhile,  
Shines, though clouds conceal his smile ;  
Yet sweet evening may renew  
Morn's departed dew.  
Yet the LORD is still the same ;  
Yes, and still I'll trust his name ;  
Humbly still I'll keep his way ;  
Keep, though he delay.

## 4.

Soon, to faith's desiring sight,  
He restores his blessed light ;

Soon my thirsting soul anew  
Drinks his balmy dew.  
Oh, return that happier day !  
Why so swiftly past away ?  
Day of sacred peace, return,  
Leave me not to mourn !

JAN. 23, 1826.

—“WHY ART THOU DISQUIETED? HOPE THOU  
IN GOD.”

Psalm xlii. 5, 11.

1.

WHY are thou grieving,  
If to the LORD  
Still thou art cleaving,  
Keeping his word?  
Art not thou dying  
Daily at best?  
Will not all sighing  
Soon be at rest?  
Ever to cheer thee  
On to thine end,  
JESUS is near thee,  
He is thy friend.

## 2.

Has he not sought thee,  
Once far astray ?  
Has he not brought thee  
Still on thy way ?  
Foes might assail thee,  
Fears might oppress ;  
When did he fail thee  
In thy distress ?  
—Why art thou grieving,  
If to the **LORD**  
Still thou art cleaving,  
Keeping his word ?

JAN. 24, 1826.

## XVIII.—“OH, WHEN WILL GRACE!”

## 1.

Oh, when will grace, with sweet controul,  
Take full possession of my soul ?  
When will this inward struggle cease,  
And all my heart be holy peace ?

Still, though bruis'd, my foes return ;  
To-day I smile, to-morrow mourn ;  
And so 'twill be, till, freed from clay,  
My spirit rests in cloudless day.

## 2.

Yet why,—when all my brethren share  
Like sorrows, or severer bear,—  
Why should I murmur ? Look beyond  
This vale of tears, nor dare despond.

Lo, what sainted myriads bright  
Bear victor palms, in robes of light !  
They all were press'd with sin-born woes,  
Ere yet they tasted heaven's repose.

JAN. 25, 1826.

## XIX.—THE WORLD RENOUNCED FOR HEAVEN.

## 1.

Oh, trust them not!  
Trust not yon world's deceitful smiles!  
What are her joys, her glories what,  
Her friendships?—ah, but fatal wiles!  
Then trust them not!

## 2.

But fix thy heart  
On friendship, that can ne'er decay;  
Pleasure, unmixed with a smart;  
Glory, that shines through endless day:  
There fix thy heart!

## 3.

Oh, happy lot,  
To rest from nature's inward strife!  
Vain grief and vain desire forgot,  
To taste, e'en here, the heavenly life;  
Thrice happy lot!

JAN. 28, 1826.

## XX.—THE CHRISTIAN MOURNING HIS DECLINE.

## 1.

My heart is deeply pain'd,  
That, after all thy care,  
Oh Saviour, I've remain'd  
So slow thy fruit to bear.  
When musing I retrace  
My course through vanish'd years ;  
How wonderful thy grace,  
How vile my heart appears !

## 2.

Where now the zeal, the love,  
The meek and child-like mind,  
The step so swift to move  
As thy sweet voice inclin'd ?

Where all that once I knew ?  
—Too well, by many a sign  
Within, without, I view  
My spirit's sad decline.

## 3.

Yet spare me, Saviour, spare !  
And, since thou didst begin,  
Oh, finish by thy care  
Thine own good work within !  
Renew my heart each day ;  
Thy strength and joy restore ;  
And let me from thy way  
Ne'er know declension more !

JAN. 29, 1826.

## XXI.—THE GOLD-FISH ;

*Founded on an incident.*

## 1.

THE crystal vase was void and dry,  
Where, glistering in his golden dye,  
The genius of the tiny lake  
His gambols, meteor-like, would take.  
“ But where is he ?” I ask’d the fair  
Who call’d him late her pride and care :  
“ Methinks he tasted,” she replied,  
“ A mote of floating dust, and died.”

## 2.

It seem’d a trifle ; yet, that time,  
A trifle taught me truth sublime ;  
And swift my mind a lesson caught  
On that which most absorb’d its thought.

Fearful and sad my walk had been,  
Lest every taint of tasted sin  
Might work my soul's eternal death ;  
And, musing thus, I cheer'd my faith.

## 3.

If taste of sin, my spirit's dust,  
Must end in death,—to death I must :  
And all, howe'er they strive and sigh,  
With me must sin, with me must die.  
'Tis vain that pardon once arriv'd ;  
That once my soul, when dead, reviv'd :  
Mine the sad epitaph applied ;  
“ He tasted serpent's food,<sup>10</sup> and died.”

## 4.

But is it so ? must guilt remain ?  
Must all my care, my grief, be vain ?

<sup>10</sup> “ *Dust* shalt thou eat.”—Gen. iii. 14. “ *Dust* shall be  
serpent's meat.”—Isa. lxv. 25.

Is there no fountain op'd for faith,  
To clear my soul from sin and death ?  
What though too oft I cleave to dust ?<sup>11</sup>  
To JESUS still I'll turn, I'll trust ;  
And wash in his dear blood away  
The sin that soils me day by day.

## 5.

Yes, not a day can I forget  
To whom I owe my ceaseless debt ;  
While in each lovely thing I trace  
Some emblem of his healing grace :  
Not more he shines as Sharon's rose  
Than like the vale's meek lily grows ;<sup>12</sup>  
Himself all taintless as the snow,  
Yet bending to the dust below.

N. 30, 1826.

<sup>11</sup> Psalm cxix. 25.

<sup>12</sup> Song of Solomon ii. 1.

## XXII.—THE DOVE.

## 1.

THE dove has ta'en her flight ;  
And they are fill'd with fears,  
Till their desiring sight  
The bright green olive cheers :  
And oh, how sweet thy voice,  
Sweet messenger of peace !  
'Tis hope, and sings,—“ rejoice,  
For lo, the waters cease.”

## 2.

Until their dove return,  
The favour'd, faithful band  
Can scarce forbear to mourn,  
In doubt of promis'd land.  
Yet just as safe their bark,  
Though not so blest are they ;  
The ark is still the ark,  
Though far the dove away.

## 3.

And hast thou CHRIST insur'd,  
Thy refuge and thy rest?  
Then is thy soul secur'd,  
Though thou may'st not be blest:  
Yet blest e'en they that mourn;  
For soon, with voice of peace,  
Shall heaven's own dove return,  
And waves of sorrow cease.

## 4.

Though, like that wandering bird,  
Thy Comforter depart;  
Though hope, awhile deferr'd,  
Give sickness to thy heart;  
Yet thy desire, when past  
The days of doubt and strife,  
Like that green bough at last  
Shall come, "a tree of life."<sup>13</sup>

JAN. 31, 1826.

<sup>13</sup> Prov. xiii. 12. "Hope deferred," &c.

XXIII.—THE LAMB.<sup>14</sup>

## 1.

GENTLEST creature, lovely lamb ;  
Name of him who died for sin ;  
Though unconscious of thy claim,  
Oh, how honour'd thou hast been !

## 2.

Can I oft thine image meet,  
When the vernal mead is trod ;  
Nor in thee, with musing sweet,  
Oft “behold the Lamb of God ?”

## 3.

From the first, when man in Cain  
Mark'd his fall, thy blood was shed :  
Lo, the Lamb by Abel slain :  
Ere himself, his firstling bled.

<sup>14</sup> The *last four stanzas* of the series are those designed singing.

## 4.

Well did he his Saviour paint,  
Born to bleed, when time was ripe ;  
While with lamb-like death the saint  
Seconded his firstling's type.

## 5.

Must the sire his Isaac slay ?  
“ God provides himself a lamb : ”  
Well the promised Seed might say ;  
“ Me he saw ; ere him I am.”

## 6.

Yearly, Israel's lamb is slain ;  
Daily, morn and eve, it dies ;  
Leading, in unbroken chain,  
To the last great sacrifice.

## 7.

This the foremost of his names,  
When his public path he trod :  
Hark, his harbinger proclaims ;  
“ Lo, the Lamb, the Lamb of God ! ”

## 8.

Gentle, patient, undefil'd  
With a blemish or a spot,  
Well the Saviour thus was styl'd :  
Oh, how lamb-like all his lot !

## 9.

Now at last "the hour is come :"  
Like the lamb to slaughter led,  
Yet before his shearers dumb,  
JESUS bows his dying head.

## 10.

Lo, "the Lamb amidst the throne !"  
—Still, in heaven's eternal strain,  
One dear name is all his own ;  
"Tis, "the Lamb that once was slain."

## 11.

May I, with the ransom'd throng,  
When by grace matur'd I am,  
Bear my part in that sweet song  
Of "salvation to the Lamb !"

## 12.

If I gain a mansion there,  
Saviour, all the praise is thine;  
While the blood-wash'd robe I wear  
Of thy righteousness divine.

## 13.

May the Spirit, which on thee  
Once descended like a dove,  
Make me meet thy face to see,  
Cloth'd with holiness and love!

## 14.

Oh, that all, e'en here, might know  
"Whom I serve, and whose I am;"  
While I meek and guileless grow  
In thine image, heavenly Lamb!

## XXIV.—THE HOLY COMMUNION.

## 1.

Oh, moments of feeling,  
How sacred, how sweet;  
When, with JESUS amidst them,  
His “two or three” meet!  
His love’s farewell tokens  
To each one are given :  
Oh, holy communion !  
Oh, foretaste of heaven !

## 2.

Hark, hark, to those accents :  
“ In memory of me,  
Eat, drink ; ‘tis my body,  
My blood ; ‘tis for thee.”  
Each heart, like that body,  
Is broken for sin ;  
Like that blood, in devotion  
‘Tis pour’d out within.

## 3.

All that's earthly has vanish'd,

Sin, sorrow, and fear;

Tis *Jesus* absorbs us,

He only is here.

What peace, past expression,

His peace, fills the mind;

While to love, each emotion,

His love, is resign'd !

## 4.

O'er each bosom his Spirit

Descends, like a dove:

All pride, all unkindness,

Is melted in love.

So sweetly affianc'd,

As sinners undone,

To thee, dying Saviour;

Thy love makes us one.

## 5.

Yet we mourn that, too often,  
In breaking thy bread,  
Thou art known, as thou *once* wert,  
And suddenly fled.  
Our hearts, in thy presence,  
Oh, did they not burn ?  
But too brief was that fervour,  
Too slow to return.

## 6.

Yet, lovely memorials,  
What still ye record,  
In those hearts is engraven ;  
The death of our **Lord** :  
Till, with all his redeem'd ones,  
We swell the glad strain ;  
“ How worthy, all worthy,  
The Lamb that was slain ! ”

FEB. 5, 1826.

## XXV.—THE SAINT ARRIVED IN HEAVEN.

## 1.

So then thy voyage, life, is o'er;  
And, every pain and peril past,  
The saint has gain'd that heavenly shore,  
Where still his hope its anchor cast:  
—Oh, land of love ! oh, clime of bliss !  
Let nought divide my heart from this.<sup>15</sup>

## 2.

Now, well-tried faith has done its part;  
Nor needs he patient hope above :  
He bids them glad farewell : his heart  
Has place for nought save bliss and love :  
—Oh, land of love ! oh, clime of bliss !  
Let nought divide my heart from this.

<sup>15</sup> “O ma patrie ! O mon bonheur !  
Toujours cherie tu remplira mon cœur.”

*Chorus of the Swiss Air.*

## 3.

There, with what love, dear friends he greets,  
Some following soon, some gone before !  
There, with what bliss, his kindred meets,  
Meets them where kindred part no more !  
—Oh, land of love ! oh, clime of bliss !  
Let nought divide my heart from this.

## 4.

There beams, all-glorious, on his view,  
Mid countless saints with angels mix'd,  
JESUS, to whom his heaven is due,  
JESUS, on whom his faith was fix'd !  
—Oh, land of love ! oh, clime of bliss !  
Let nought divide my heart from this.

FEB. 6, 1855

## XXVI.—THE MOURNER IN ZION.

## 1.

WITHDRAW not thy presence, O LORD;  
Oh, hide not thy face from my heart!  
Or what can thy creatures afford,  
To heal its depression and smart?  
Ah, where is life's life, while I live,  
If thou thy sweet sunshine deny?  
But, if that sweet sunshine thou give,  
Where, Death, is thy gloom, though I die?

## 2.

How happy at times have I been,  
Though languid and lonely the while!  
Midst a waste, 'twas a garden within;  
For I well<sup>2</sup> see the light of thy smile.

Friendship and

Love and

Hope,

and

Joy,

and

Peace,

and

Content,

and

Hope,

and

Love,

and

Friendship,

and

Content,

and

Hope,

and

Love,

## 3.

But whence is the darkness that hides  
Thy desolate mourner from thee ?  
—The sun all unchanging abides ;  
The darkness is all within me.  
Say, is it that sin I have wrought ?  
—Yet I mourn each appearance of sin :  
Or lurks it, deep-cherish'd, in thought ?  
—Heart-searcher, thou know'st me within !

## 4.

Perhaps I neglected to keep  
On JESUS the gaze of my heart :  
Ah, 'tis therefore, thus burden'd, I weep ;  
"Tis there, the deep cause of my smart.  
None but Jesus can comfort me, none,  
When clouds would my prospect bedim :  
Of righteousness He is the sun,  
And the Comforter leads but to Him.

FEB. 7, 1826.

## XXVII.—THE STARRY HEAVENS.

## 1.

Oft, at dead of night,  
Arising from thy slumbers,  
Fix thy thoughtful sight  
On yonder starry numbers.  
Worlds on worlds appear,  
In endless order blazing :  
—Sure, oh night, thy wonders here  
Are, more than day's, amazing !<sup>16</sup>  
Oft, at dead, &c.

## 2.

Darkness gives us light :  
The grandeur of creation,  
Hid by day, to night  
Owes its bright revelation.

6 “ One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine.”—YOUNG.  
‘ How deep the silence ! yet how loud the praise !’

MRS. BARBAULD.

Thus departed saints,<sup>17</sup>  
Though time's brief day conceals them,  
Brighter glow than fancy paints ;  
Eternity reveals them.

Darkness gives us, &c.

3.

Drinking light divine,  
Though differing each in glory ;  
What a host they shine !  
Oh, who that host shall story ?  
Far, how far above  
Yon star-bespangled regions,  
Round the central throne of love  
Rejoice th' adoring legions.

—Drinking light, &c.

<sup>17</sup> "The dead are like the stars by day," &c.—MONTGOMERY.  
*Lines on the portrait of an unknown lady.*

## 4.

Ne'er to them decay  
Are countless ages bringing ;  
Through unending day  
Behold them shining, singing.  
Yet must each bright world,  
That gliding calm we view in  
Yonder dark-blue depth, be hurl'd  
In nature's fiery ruin :

—While to them decay  
No lapse of age is bringing, &c.

## 5.

Say, mysterious hosts,<sup>18</sup>  
What favour'd constellation,  
Like our planet, boasts  
An infinite salvation !

“ Tell me, ye shining hosts,” &c.—COWPER, *Task*, b. V.

Why on man's abode,  
Amidst the starr'd extension,  
Hast thou, God of love, bestow'd  
Such matchless condescension ?  
—Say, mysterious hosts, &c.

## 6.

Night has drawn her veil  
O'er every form terrestrial ;  
Night has bid me hail  
Thy glories, world celestial !<sup>19</sup>  
Thus, I'd look from earth  
To "things unseen," supernal :  
What is low creation worth,  
To bliss, with God, eternal ?  
—Night has drawn, &c.

FEB. 8, 1826.

<sup>19</sup> "What beauty does the darkness bring forth ?—Thus, when thou retirest to thy chamber, let night banish from thy mind this lower world. Then mayest thou lift upwards thy thoughts and thy affections : then may heaven, with its eternal glories, be revealed to the eyes of thine understanding."—NEALE's *Emblems*.

**XXVIII.—PRAYER FOR PRESERVATION FROM A  
DIVIDED HEART.**

1.

**K**EEP, oh, keep me, Lord, from aught  
That from thee would steal my thought ;  
Oh, let no vain idol dare  
With thyself my heart to share !

2.

Let not friends, e'en friends of thine,  
Draw my spirit from its shrine :  
Let not aught that's earthly mix  
Where I all on thee should fix.

3.

Plant a thorn where'er my breast  
On thy creatures, Lord, would rest :  
Still disturb the dream of bliss,  
That, for shadows, thee would miss.

## 4.

Like the dove, of rest bereft  
Till she sought the ark she left;  
Let me never, while I roam,  
Rest, apart from thee, my home.

## 5.

Still be CHRIST my heart's repose :  
None but he can heal my woes :  
All is else a waste of waves ;  
He, the ark ; he only saves.

FEB. 9, 1826.

## XXIX.—THE EXOTIC.

## 1.

Yon exquisite plant, how tender !  
—It came from a land afar,  
Where heaven has a smile of splendor  
Not winter itself can mar.  
Ne'er, gardener, cease to cherish  
That nursing with fondest care ;  
Lest the delicate stranger perish  
Beneath an ungenial air.

## 2.

And grace, the celestial stranger,  
How slowly it rises here !  
Oh, screen it from death, from danger,  
In nature's chill atmosphere !  
Yet surely, transplanted thither  
From heaven's ever-cloudless air,

The beauteous exotic must wither,  
If trusted to mortal care.<sup>20</sup>

## 3.

Oh, Sun of Righteousness, tend it  
With healing in thy sweet beams !  
Oh, Spirit of comfort, send it  
Soft breezes and living streams !  
Thine aid, heavenly gardener, grant it,  
Against the cold blights of time ;  
And, at last, in thy paradise plant it,  
Its own amarantine clime !

FEB. 12, 1826.

<sup>20</sup> "Some flowers require more of the gardener's care than others ; they are brought from countries afar off, from brighter skies and more genial soils, and require all his vigilance and tenderness, lest they be blighted by our colder winds, or starved by our ungenerous ground.—And some virtues are of more difficult growth than others, of a more heavenly nature, and asking a more constant care. Such are spirituality of mind, resignation of will, and—most beautiful, most delicate, most rare of all, most shy in flowering, most easily blighted,—humility."—NEALE'S *Emblems*.

## XXX.—THE VIOLET, AND THE SUNSET.

## 1.

**H**AST thou wander'd in spring, where a charming perfume,  
Wide-wafted, the secret betray'd  
That amidst the damp hedgerow sweet violets bloom,  
Low creeping, and cover'd with shade ?  
—**E**'en thus shalt thou find, in some humble abode,  
Admiring its happier air,  
**T**hat the Christian, who widely his blessings bestow'd,  
Retiring himself, has been there.

## 2.

**H**ast thou mark'd, at the beautiful summer day's close,  
How the loveliest hours were the last ?  
**A**nd how, long after sunset, the tints of a rose  
O'er the western horizon were cast ?  
—**S**o the Christian, whose life like a sunshine would smile,  
Yet loveliest looks as he dies ;  
**A**nd the glow of his memory lingers awhile,  
Sweet pledge that he brighter shall rise.

## XXXI.—THE LAKE.

## 1.

Hast thou gaz'd on the lake, when the heaven was bl  
Nor a breeze in the woods was blowing ?  
How beauteous it gave that heaven to view,  
And those woods on its border growing !  
But a sudden cloud o'ercasts the skies,  
Of a coming storm the token ;  
And the mirror'd scene, like a vision, flies,  
In a moment bedimm'd and broken.

## 2.

'Tis a mournful emblem that here I meet,  
Of a heart at morn reposing  
In a holy calm of devotion sweet ;  
—How chang'd, ere the day is closing !

nes a ruffling gale of passion o'er,  
Heaven's bright reflection scorning :  
Where the lovely scene that smil'd before ?  
Where the sunny calm of morning ?<sup>21</sup>

FEB. 24, 1826.

<sup>21</sup> The hint of these emblems, "the Violet, the Sunset, and the Lake," was taken from a small and exquisite collection of "Emblems for Children," by my early and admirable friend the Rev. Cornelius Neale; of whom a deeply interesting memoir has been edited by the Rev. W. Jowett. Like the subject of No. LXXXI. he was "no ordinary character; but one of those rare specimens of human nature, which its great Author produces at intervals, and exhibits for a moment, while he is hastening to *make them up among his jewels.*" Like Martyn, he was the senior wrangler of his year; and, during the brief period of his ministry, the resemblance was crowned by his devoted piety.

## XXXII.—THE SEED.

Mark iv. 26—29.

## 1.

MADE soft with rain, the soil is broken ;  
The seed is in the furrow cast :  
Haste, wintry months !—a small green token  
That life is there, peeps forth at last.  
And now, by showers and sunbeams nourish'd,  
See blade, and stalk, and ear expand ;  
Till, rich and ripe, the corn hath flourish'd,  
And only waits the reaper's hand.

## 2.

Thus, in the heart,—when sorrows soften,  
And fears the furrow'd soil prepare,—  
Grace, heavenly seed, lies buried often,  
Nor shows a sign that life is there.  
And yet that blade, so faintly peeping,  
Shall, nurs'd by showers and sunbeams, rise ;  
Till, rich in fruit, and ripe for reaping,  
Tis gather'd, garner'd, in the skies.

FEB. 21, 1826.

## .XXIII.—THE MORNING AND EVENING INCENSE.

## 1.

Hast thou, at summer dawn,  
Gone forth where flowers were blooming ?  
How all the dewy lawn  
Their soft breath was perfuming !  
The sunbeams rise ;  
The fragrance dies ;  
In noontide glare 'tis failing :  
But evening hours  
Revive the flowers,  
Once more their sweets exhaling.  
—Go, then, at eve, at dawn,  
Where summer flowers are blooming ;  
How all the dewy lawn  
Their incense is perfuming !

## 2.

Thus oft, ere noontide care  
The waking saint surprises,  
Silent and sweet his prayer,  
Like dayspring odour, rises.  
The day comes on ;  
'Tis faint, 'tis gone :  
But evening's calm, returning,  
Shall yet renew  
That heavenly dew,  
That balmy breath, of morning.  
Oft then, when daily care  
No more the saint surprises,  
Early and late his prayer,  
Like od'rous incense, rises.<sup>22</sup>

FEB. 22, 1826.

<sup>22</sup> Ps. v. 3. " My voice shalt thou hear in *the morning*," Ps. lxiii. 1.—" *Early* will I seek thee." Ps. cxli. 2.—" Let prayer be set forth before thee as *incense*, the lifting up of hands as the *evening* sacrifice."

## XXXIV.—THE RESURRECTION OF SPRING.

## 1.

“THE flowers of thy garden, though vanish’d awhile,  
Will return with the spring-tide, and share her sweet smile:  
But Man withers once in his winter-like doom;  
And where is the spring that awakens his bloom?”

## 2.

—So mourn’d the poor pagan, melodious in woe,  
His tuneful companion, untimely laid low:<sup>23</sup>  
And well might he “sorrow as one without hope:”  
Through the midnight of nature, what vista could ope?

<sup>23</sup> The first stanza contains an allusion to those celebrated lines of Moschus, in his epitaph on Bion: *Αι, αι, ραι μαλακαι,* &c. Those lines have been elegantly imitated in Latin by Jortin; “Hei, mihi, lege ratā,” &c. whose imitation has been translated by Cowper; “Suns that set, and moons that wane,” &c. The original idea is in Job xiv. 7—10.

## 3.

How sweetly the mourner had varied his tone,  
Had his been the prospect, to Christians made known !  
'Tis theirs in earth's green resurrection to scan  
The type of a nobler revival for Man.

## 4.

Though they mingle the body's dead leaves with the sod,  
Their life is, with JESUS, embosom'd in GOD ;<sup>24</sup>  
And soon, in their spring, rising bright from the tomb,  
Midst his garden above, they unfadingly bloom. . . .

FEB. 24, 1826.

<sup>24</sup> Col. iii. 3, 4.—“Ye are *dead*; but your *life* is *hid* with Christ in God: when Christ, our *life*, shall appear,” &c.

## XXXV.—HUMILITY.

## 1.

“LEARN of me ;” (hear JESUS speak)  
“I in heart am lowly, meek ;  
So your soul shall find its rest ;  
The poor in spirit are the blest.”  
—Saviour, to my wretched heart  
That rich poverty impart :<sup>25</sup>  
Cast thy clothing over me,  
The clothing of humility.<sup>26</sup>

## 2.

Whence doth sorrow chiefly grow ?  
Where the root of half my woe ?  
Is it not that still I hide  
Some secret, sad remains of pride ?  
Oh, that thus my weary breast  
Pride should keep from heavenly rest !

<sup>25</sup> “Divitem spiritū pauperiem.”—LEIGHTON, Parænesis II.

<sup>26</sup> 1 Pet. v. 5.

Thus should grieve my Lord ! for he  
Left heaven to teach humility.

## 3.

'Tis when JESUS fills my thought,  
(Self absorb'd, exhal'd to nought,  
In the sunshine of his face,)  
I taste the happiness of grace.  
Nor in glory, next his throne,  
Other happiness is known :  
All in prostrate praise agree :  
The soul of heaven's humility !

## 4.

Every lovely hue of light  
Mingles in the purest, white ;<sup>27</sup>

<sup>27</sup> "Humility is the expression of many heavenly graces ; like that original white in the natural world, which includes in its composition the other colours, and is itself the purest of them all."—BOWDLER's *Remains*.

Every grace, that sever'd shines  
In sweet humility combines.  
Rob'd in white, the saints on high :  
"Tis their glory, low to lie.  
Lowly Saviour, cast o'er me  
That mantle, thine humility !

FEB. 28, 1826.

## XXXVI.—SIMPLICITY.

## 1.

GRANT me, Lord, to walk with thee  
In a meek simplicity :  
Let not vain desires intrude,  
Vain perplexities delude :  
Childlike, Zionward I'd go,  
Leaning on thine arm below ;  
In humility and love  
Following thee to rest above.

## 2.

Oh, let nothing lure my heart,  
That would cause my Saviour smart :  
Let me nothing slight or shun,  
That would please him, borne or done.  
What my Friend of friends would grieve,  
Let me with love's instinct leave ;  
What his smile would honour, still  
Do it with a cheerful will.

## 3.

In my lot of joy or care,  
Thus may nought my heart ensnare ;  
But thy Spirit, ever near,  
Draw me, guard me, guide, and cheer.  
Most at last, when most I need,  
Be, my Saviour, mine indeed ;  
Till I rest, all trials o'er,  
In thy presence evermore !

MARCH 1, 1826.

## XXXVII.—“WE WALK BY FAITH, NOT BY SIGHT.”

## 1.

Oh, could we, pilgrims, raise our eyes,  
Bedimm'd with many a tear,  
Above the glooms that round us rise  
From sin, and grief, and fear;  
Could we the sounds of strife, the sighs  
Of sorrow, cease to hear;  
—What glories would our view surprise,  
What harmonies our ear!

## 2.

But oh, the prospect!—'tis too bright:  
And if, when faith is strong,  
A glimpse of glory glads our sight;  
'Tis faded, lost, ere long:  
Yet dying saints, with rapt delight,  
Have seem'd to catch the song  
Far echoed from those harpers white,  
Heaven's holy, happy throng.

## 3.

Though once the favour'd three might share<sup>28</sup>  
Their Lord's transfigur'd blaze,  
And drink celestial accents there ;  
—How brief that sweet amaze !  
But well the shades of grace we bear,  
Ere glory suit our gaze ;  
And well our voice, with sighs of prayer,  
Attune to songs of praise.

MARCH 2, 1826.

<sup>28</sup> Peter, James, and John.—Matt. xvii. 1.

## XXXVIII.—FAREWELL TO A MISSIONARY.

## 1.

THOUGH far from thy country, unfriended, unknown,  
Go, servant of JESUS!—thou art not alone :  
Midst heathens, his presence shall still be thy home,  
His smile make thy climate, where'er thou shalt roam.

## 2.

Go forth to the harvest; 'tis white to the view;  
That harvest how plenteous, its reapers how few!  
Go forth: if, in going, the labourer grieves,  
He shall reap, he shall rest, and rejoice o'er his sheaves.

## 3.

Though the breath on thy lips in bleak Labrador freeze,  
Though in India thou seem to drink fire in the breeze;  
Thy Master is with thee; his fellowship sweet  
From the cold is thy shelter, thy shade from the heat.<sup>29</sup>

<sup>29</sup> Isai. xxxii. 2.—“THE MAN shall be a hiding-place from the wind,” &c.

## 4.

We may not lament thee :—did MARTYN repent,  
The lovely, lost MARTYN, we vainly lament ?  
No ; dawning of glory would smile on his heart ;  
While the thought of his Saviour was balm for his smart.

## 5.

Then go, faithful servant ; and think, when distress'd,  
**How sweet**, with thy Lord, from thy labours to rest !  
Those labours how swiftly they haste to their close,  
All vanish'd, forgotten, in blissful repose !

MARCH 3, 1826.

## XXXIX.—THE RESTING-PLACE FOR LOVE.

## 1.

Yes, I must love ; like ivy, still,  
My heart must somewhere twine :  
Yes, I must love ; were nought to fill  
That heart, 'twould ever pine.

## 2.

I search'd created joys for balm,  
To heal my spirit's ache :  
Awhile they nurs'd a faithless calm ;  
But deep desires would wake.

## 3.

The boundless boon at last is given :  
The love of GOD is bliss ;  
And JESUS brought it down from heaven :  
—Repose, my heart, on this.

MARCH 4, 1826.



## XL.—MARTHA AND MARY.

## 1.

FAIN would I daily take my seat,  
With Mary, at my Saviour's feet ;  
Would meekly bear his heavenly voice,  
And make the part she chose, my choice.

## 2.

But oft, like Martha's busy heart,  
Mine, wandering from that better part,  
Is cumber'd with a world of care,  
Press'd with a weight I need not bear.

## 3.

Oft, on some thorny trifle set,  
Thy healing suasion I forget :  
Thy Spirit's small still voice within,  
Too oft 'tis drown'd by worldly din.

## 4.

Yet let me keep but near to thee,  
And, Lord, from half my cares I'm free ;  
While the light remnant serves but still  
To bind me closer to thy will.

## 5.

Oh, bid my memory, now so fain  
To rove o'er vexing thoughts and vain,  
Center and rest on thee, as when  
All-lovely thou didst walk with men !

## 6.

Oh, bid my hope,—too often toss'd  
On folly's waves, and dash'd, and lost,—  
Cast anchor on that peaceful shore  
Where thou, my Guide, art gone before !

## 7.

Oh, bid my will, that oft in vain  
Would wander wide in quest of pain,

In all things fix on thee, nor make  
One choice thou call'st me to forsake !

## 8.

Bid my whole heart, that else must roam  
A desert, without friend or home,  
Find thee its friend, its home ; and prove  
Th' eternal prisoner of thy love !

## 9.

So shall I 'scape the world of care  
Which Martha's cumber'd breast must bear ;  
Nor *ever* lose my choice,— my seat,  
With Mary, at my Saviour's feet.

OCT. 26, 1826.

## XLI.—THE FRIEND IN ALL WEATHER.

## 1.

WHEN the vale of life awhile,  
Unlike a vale of tears,  
Wears a soft and summer smile ;  
Nor cloud in heaven appears :  
Still, to perfect peace and joy  
The secret heart aspires ;  
Earthly sweets but tempt and cloy,  
Not fill, its deep desires.

## 2.

But when gloom and storm come on ;  
When like a vale of tears  
(Every smile of sunshine gone)  
The vale of life appears ;  
Lonely laid, we pine or smart ;  
The balm of friendship fails :  
Oh, to heal an aching heart,  
What comfort then avails ?

## 3.

Yes, a friend may still be found  
In Jesus, Lord of rest:  
He, when sunshine smiles around,  
With sunshine fills the breast:  
But when summer joys are flown,  
In nature's darkest hour,  
Needed most, he most makes known  
The heaven of his sweet power.

MR. 30, 1826.

## XLII.—PRAYER FOR SANCTIFIED AFFLCTION.

AFFLICT me, Lord, for good,  
And make me hear thy rod ;  
And oh, let nought belov'd intrude  
Between my heart and GOD !  
What though my comforts fail,  
Though mortal ills assail,  
If thou be near the while ?  
But what can earthly joys avail,  
If thou withdraw thy smile ?

Your tears, ye saints, shall soon be dry,  
Lost in sweet song your saddest sigh ;  
But, worldling, soon thy tears must flow,  
And all thy mirth expire in woe.

OCT. 31, 1826.

## XLIII.—THE SUN.

## 1.

WHEN the rising lord of light  
    Darts o'er earth his golden ray ;  
Glooms and monsters of the night  
    Vanish swift away.  
Thus, within the dawning soul,  
    When the sun of hope appears ;  
Swift before his bright controul  
    Vanish griefs and fears.

## 2.

Oh, how beautiful the scene,  
    Glistering with its early dew !  
Still, a cloud may intervene,  
    Hiding heaven's own blue :  
Yet that cloud will soon be gone ;  
    See the rainbow o'er it cast !  
Then the sun goes shining on,  
    Loveliest at the last.

## 3.

Thus, emerging from its night,  
When the soul begins to smile ;  
Lo, a scene of heavenly light !  
—Ah, 'tis dimm'd awhile.  
Yet ere long the gloom is o'er ;  
Then the saint in sunshine goes ;  
Till his day, o'er cast no more,  
Brightest meets its close.<sup>30</sup>

Nov. 3, 1826.

<sup>30</sup> Prov. iv. 18.

## THE HEART, THE SEAT OF PEACE OR PAIN.

## 1.

All may be, outwardly,  
Desert and gloom;  
While, in the secret soul,  
Summer may bloom.  
Health may depart;  
Yet, from above,  
Jesus may give the heart  
Peace, hope, and love.  
All may be desolate  
Round us the while;  
Yet a sweet paradise  
Inwardly smile.

## 2.

All may be sunshiny,  
Summer-like scene;

Yet may the heart-ache lie  
Heavy within.  
Wealth may increase ;  
Friends may be nigh :  
Friends cannot give us peace,  
Wealth cannot buy.  
All may around us be  
Sunshine and smile ;  
Yet the poor heart may bleed  
Inly the while.

## 3.\*

'Tis not in circumstance  
Peace to bestow ;  
Nor, where that heav'n resides,  
Turn it to woe.  
LORD, if thou bless,  
Where is distress ?  
Where, if thou wound the heart,  
Balm for the smart ?

'Tis not in earthly things  
    Peace to bestow ;  
Nor, where that heav'n resides,  
    Turn it to woe.

## 4.

Let me then faithfully  
    Seek, in the **LORD**,  
Peace which none else can mar,  
    None else afford :  
Never, when blest,  
    Save in him rest :  
Never in woe despair ;  
    **JESUS** is there.  
Thus let me constantly  
    Find, in the **LORD**,  
Peace which none else can mar,  
    None else afford.

Nov. 5, 1826.



## XLV.—FRIENDSHIP IN HEAVEN.

## 1.

If so sweet, e'en here, communion,  
Heart with heart, of those we love ;  
Think what bliss, the perfect union,  
When our spirits meet above !  
Here, at best, our social pleasures  
Briefly part, and blend with pain :  
Nothing there or mars or measures  
Friendship's everlasting reign.

Oh, the joy, in that bright region,  
Safe from sin and sin-born woe,  
Still, amidst the countless legion,  
Those to love, we lov'd below !  
Not a wish that heav'n has banish'd,  
Yet the heart intensely fir'd :  
All of earth and self has vanish'd,  
All in holy love expir'd.

2.

Happy spirits, ever ranging  
On from friend to new-found friend;  
Mist the lovely things exchanging  
Pure endearments without end!  
Yet, e'en there, a choice affection  
Some retain for those that erst  
Won on earth their heart's election,  
Friends whose souls with theirs convers'd.

In the host that heav'n discloses,  
All must love, and all be lov'd;  
Yet each spirit most reposes  
Where its love was early mov'd.  
Jesus, while he owns the myriad,  
Ne'er forgets the favour'd few  
Who, amidst his earthly period,  
Most his human fondness drew.

## XLVI.—THE CATECHISM OF DEATH.

## 1.

Oh, when it comes, the hour to part,  
—That solemn hour,—from all below,  
And into scenes eternal go ;  
Wilt thou be then prepar'd, my heart ?

## 2.

If evil lurks with cherish'd art ;  
If, here entomb'd, thy wishes lie,  
Nor, wing'd by faith, have pierc'd the sky ; .  
Canst thou be then prepar'd, my heart ?

## 3.

But if thy sin is now thy smart ;  
If here, from vain desires estrang'd,  
Midst heavenly themes thou still hast rang'd ;  
Why shouldst thou then recoil, my heart ?

## 4.

In death, which bids the worldling start,—  
If thou, divinely led, hast trod  
Thy Saviour's path to heav'n and God,—  
Shouldst thou not then rejoice, my heart ?

Nov. 10, 1826.

LOVING SONGS.

Friendship is like a rose,  
The more you pluck it the  
Friendship, or love, grows, the more  
That is, I do not mean.

2

The rose is the emblem of friendship, love,  
Where friends are near to you,  
Where enemies, smites you with a hand,  
And朋友 are to smart.

3

But friendship & charity were born in hell,  
From such a world as this;  
And friendship's balm to endear the sorrow  
Of love's eternal kiss.



## 4.

Farewell ; the hour is come ; farewell :  
    Tis duty gives the word :  
Farewell ; our heart-strings ring the knell ;  
    Then let it not be heard.

## 5.

There is a Friend whom all may love,  
    And all in him be bless'd :  
His friendless friend, how far above  
    The worldling most caress'd !

## 6.

Then let us calmly say farewell,  
    To peace converting smart :  
With JESUS still we both may dwell,  
    And heart be one with heart.

Nov. 11, 1826.

XLVIII.—FIDELITY. THE PATH TO FELICITY.<sup>31</sup>

L

If I were always true to him.

My true, my ~~changeless~~ Friend :  
What comforts, passing aught I deem.

Would still my path attend :  
But now this foolish, faithless heart,  
For every passing joy,  
Would from its peaceful center start,  
Would lose its proper joy.

Then let me closer cleave to him.

My best, my changeless Friend :  
And comforts, passing aught I deem,  
Shall still my path attend.

<sup>31</sup> This, and the following pieces, thirty-four in number, including the Introductory Stanzas, and terminating with No. 80, were composed, in rapid succession, during the writer's convalescence from a sudden illness which had threatened his life.

## 2.

His love, displacing from his throne

Usurping idols vain,

With calm fruition all his own

Shall fill his inward reign.

—A thousand woes that worldlings bear

Shall far from me be driven ;

A thousand joys they never share

Shall then to me be given :

For, he, displacing from his throne

Usurping idols vain,

With calm fruition all his own

Shall fill his inward reign.

Nov. 29, 1826.

## XLIX.—MARY, ANOINTING JESUS.

## 1.

THOSE pleasant hours are o'er;  
And JESUS now must meet  
Those three dear friends no more  
In Bethany's retreat:  
And she, who then would bow,  
Meek listener, at his feet,  
Is come to bathe them now  
With unction rare and sweet.

## 2.

That exquisite perfume  
O'er all the air is shed,  
And seems from room to room  
A paradise to spread:  
A lovely type, though faint,  
Of him for whom 'tis us'd;  
Whose name is to the saint  
Like od'rous oil effus'd.



## 3.

She did it for his *death*,  
Of which with tears she heard ;  
She felt a heavenly breath  
Of fragrance in that word.  
And they, whose pens record  
The dying Saviour's name,  
In union with her Lord  
Embalm his Mary's fame.

## 4.

The feet she thus anoints  
Must soon be bath'd in blood ;  
While nails transfix the joints  
Wet with this fragrant flood.  
How dear to her the veins,  
Whence healing love would flow,  
A bath for all her stains,  
A balm for all her woe !

## 5.

Well might her best perfume  
On that kind friend be pour'd ;  
Her brother from the tomb  
To second life restor'd.  
Type of that Saviour, he,  
Who soon must die to rise ;  
But, once from death set free,  
Once risen, never dies.

## 6.

His Spirit's unction sweet  
He on her heart had shed ;  
She, rising from his feet,  
Perfum'd his sacred head.  
And well that costly nard  
Express'd to whom was given  
Her spirit's choice regard,  
Exhal'd in sighs to heaven.



## 7.

LORD, be it mine to prove  
(One suit my heart prefers)  
A spark of heavenly love,  
Love rich in proof, like hers!  
And, since thyself unknown  
Yet in thy friends we meet,  
The meanest let me own  
Thy mystic body's feet!<sup>32</sup>

Nov 30, 1826.

<sup>32</sup> 1 Cor. xii. 12—27.

## L.—MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE.

*“Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.”*

## 1.

Tis past, that night of deepest gloom ;  
Tis ris'n, the joyous sun ;  
And, sleepless, to her Saviour's tomb  
Poor Magdalene has run.  
She gaz'd within the darksome grot,  
Where his dear form was laid ;  
But, while pale death absorb'd her thought,  
Bright angels were display'd !

## 2.

With looks of love, and words of peace,  
They sooth'd her aching breast :  
When lo,—to bid all sorrow cease,—  
Her JESUS stands confess'd !

And "Mary," from that well-known voice,  
(Heaven's harmony its tone)  
Can instant make the heart rejoice,  
Which late could only groan.

## 3.

In that sepulchral Eden, lo,  
The tree of life restor'd !  
Imparadis'd the scene of woe  
By angels and their LORD !  
—'Tis thus the Christian sees the tomb  
Begirt with shining bands ;  
And, while he eyes the place of gloom,  
Before him JESUS stands !

DEC. 1, 1826.

## LI.—THE ASCENSION.

## 1.

Tis the last of the days he must sojourn below,  
The first that his orphan disciples must mourn :  
He has toil'd, he has bled, he has ris'n, he must go ;  
The stranger from heav'n to his home must return.

## 2.

In the still, early morning, ere man is abroad,  
He led forth his friends, with sweet words by the way,  
To the scene they so oft in his converse had trod,  
Where at Olivet's foot his lov'd Bethany lay.

## 3.

And there, as around him they tearfully gaz'd,—  
(His aspect all beaming, all breathing with love,)  
His hands, like a priest and a father, he rais'd,  
And gave his deep blessing ;—'twas echoed above.

## 4.

Midst his words, more unearthly his countenance grew ;  
And lo, like a spirit, he heavenward ascends ;



And a bright cloud has caught him too soon from the view  
(As they gaze through their tears,) of his heart-bleeding  
friends.

## 5.

He is gone!—what a parting!—yet mark where attend  
Two angels of comfort, and calm their despair:  
“ Why gaze ye?—This JESUS, ye saw thus ascend,  
Shall yet come in like manner; and ye shall be there.”

## 6.

He has finish'd his work; he has glorified God;  
The Forerunner has gain'd his reversion of bliss:  
And now must his followers tread where he trod,  
Till they see him, are like him, and rest where he is.

## 7.

No longer by sight, they must journey by faith;  
And with prayer, and with patience, go Zionward on:  
And the Saviour's own Spirit shall gladden their path;  
And they soon shall arrive where that Saviour is gone!

DEC. 2, 1826.

## LII.—THE VISIT AT EMMAUS.

## 1.

THEY talk'd of JESUS, as they went ;  
And JESUS, all unknown,  
Did at their side himself present,  
With sweetness all his own.  
Swift, as he op'd the sacred word,  
His glory they discern'd ;  
And swift, as his dear voice they heard,  
Their hearts within them burn'd.

## 2.

He would have left them, but that they  
With prayers his love assail'd :  
“ Depart not yet ! a little stay ! ”  
They press'd him, and prevail'd.  
And JESUS was reveal'd, as there  
He bless'd and brake the bread :  
But, while they mark'd his heavenly air,  
The matchless guest had fled.

## 3.

And thus at times, as Christians talk  
Of JESUS and his word ;  
He joins two friends amidst their walk,  
And makes, unseen, a third.  
And oh, how sweet their converse flows,  
Their holy theme how clear,  
How warm with love each bosom glows,  
If JESUS be but near !

## 4.

And they that woo his visits sweet,  
And will not let him go,  
Oft, while his broken bread they eat,  
His soul-felt presence know.  
His gather'd friends he loves to meet,  
And fill with joy their faith,  
When they with melting hearts repeat  
The memory of his death.

## 5.

But such sweet visits here are brief,

Dispens'd from stage to stage

(A cheering and a priz'd relief)

Of faith's hard pilgrimage.

There is a scene where Jesus ne'er,

Ne'er leaves his happy guests;

He spreads a ceaseless banquet there,

And love still fires their breasts.

DEC. 3, 1826, SUNDAY MORNING.

## LIII.—“LOVEST THOU ME ?”

## 1.

“ Lov’st thou me ?”—that question  
    Thrice thy L ORD renew’d :  
“ Lov’st thou me ?”—suggestion,  
    Meet for thoughtful mood.  
        Say, “lov’st thou me ?”  
        Then love I thee ;  
Then thou art blest for ever.  
        Oh, canst thou prove  
        Cold to my love ?—  
L ORD, I would answer,—never.

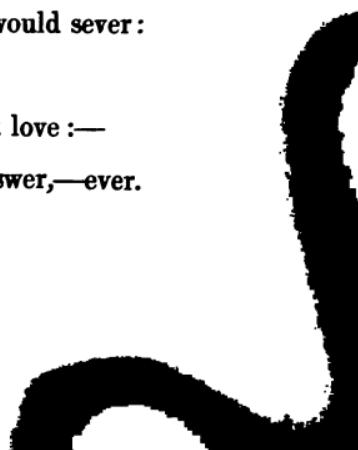
## 2. ,

Canst thou e’er forget it,  
    All I did for thee ?  
Canst thou e’er regret it,  
    Aught thou dost for me ?

Did I from on high  
Stoop e'en to die?  
Else thou wert lost for ever:  
Canst thou forget  
All that love-debt?—  
LORD, I would answer,—never.

## 3.

If thou lov'st thy Saviour,  
Drawn by love divine;  
Then thy whole behaviour  
Will conform to mine.  
Glad wilt thou leave  
All that would grieve,  
All that from me would sever:  
All I approve  
Thou too wilt love:—  
LORD, I would answer,—ever.



## 4.

Soon, if thus in spirit  
Thou art one with me ;  
Through thy Saviour's merit,  
Thou with him shalt be.  
All are, above,  
Ravish'd with love,  
Love to the Lamb, for ever.  
When shall aught part  
Me from thy heart ?—  
LORD, I would answer,—never.

DEC. 3, 1826, SUNDAY EVENING.

## LIV.—GETHSEMANE.

## 1.

NIGHT cast unwonted gloom around ;  
His friends had given their grief to sleep :  
He, prostrate on the chilling ground,  
His lonely watch of woe must keep.

## 2.

The last, the farewell paschal feast,  
With those sad friends at evening ta'en ;  
He waits the traitor's murd'rous haste  
To prove him, now, the Lamb *so* slain.

## 3.

As thrice he kneels to groan his woe,  
See sweat, like thick large blood-drops, run :  
“ My Father, *if* this cup might go !  
And yet, thy will, not mine, be done ! ”

## 4.

Death, hov'ring in his direst form,—  
Forsaking friends,—hell's banded power,  
His Father's frown, (soul-piercing storm)—  
And earth's whole guilt,—were in that hour !

## 5.

GETHSEMANE ! we hail thee well ;  
Fair Eden's contrast, sad, yet dear :  
There man a moment smil'd, then fell ;  
Man groan'd for man, and triumph'd, here.

## 6.

But oh, all-lovely Lamb of God,  
Hast thou thy heaven resign'd for me ?  
For me, th' abyss of horrors trod ?  
—Where shall I find return for thee ?

## 7.

Oh, reign, enthron'd, o'er all my heart,  
The happy prisoner of thy love ;  
And fit me here to bear my part  
In thine unending praise above !

DEC. 4, 1826.

## LV.—THE CRUCIFIXION.

## 1.

In spirit pause on Calv'ry's brow,  
And watch thy Saviour's dying pangs :  
From heaven to earth he came ; and now  
Twixt earth and heaven, expressive, hangs.  
How well might earthquake rend the ground ;  
Mysterious gloom the heaven o'erspread ;  
Shock'd nature sympathise around ;  
When nature's Lord for rebels bled !

## 2.

At intervals, his voice is heard,  
Piercing the sad and sunless air :  
Hark to each deep, soul-breathing word ;  
What tenderness, what torture, there !  
He prays for those that shed his blood ;  
Gives John a mother, her a son ;—  
Thirsts ;— in his anguish pleads with God ;—  
Commends his spirit ; cries, “ 'tis done !”

## 3.

And one kind speech his heavenly tongue  
To that poor criminal address'd,  
Who at his side, repentant, hung,  
And sigh'd to share his blood-bought rest.  
And oh, blest penitent, to thee  
How sweet redeeming mercy's voice,  
Midst thy last pangs!—“this day, with me  
Thou shalt in paradise rejoice.”

## 4.

Few moments had thy Saviour pass'd<sup>33</sup>  
Heaven's portal, ere thy spirit fled ;  
The first that follow'd him ; the last  
Sav'd by his blood, yet newly shed.  
How happy, at the throne of GOD,  
Fresh from your sufferings, did ye meet !  
Thou, the last trophy of his blood,  
The first to kiss his glorious feet !

<sup>33</sup> It appears from John xix. 32, 33, that Jesus expired what *before* the malefactors.

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## 5.

And well those arms of love divine,  
Outstretch'd in large embrace, express'd  
(Blame not an emblem so benign !)  
His mercy, wide as east and west.  
And well the blended Judge we view,  
Where plac'd on either side appear  
Mankind, divided in those two,  
The suppliant there, the scorner here.

## 6.

And, when its veil his spirit burst,  
Well might the temple's veil be rent ;  
When, by his death all clouds dispers'd,  
An open smile could GOD present.  
Then, too, of many a sleeping saint  
Well might the rising frame adorn  
That death which, conquering death's restraint  
Bids dust await its wakening morn.

## 7.

Deep in my heart, dear Lord, be wrought  
The potent memory of thy cross !  
Nail to that tree each rebel thought,  
And let me deem all else as loss !  
Stamp its meek image on my breast,  
In patience, lowliness, and love !  
Be this, on earth, my spirit's rest ;  
And this my song, still new, above !

Dec. 5, 1826.

## LVI—IMPROVEMENT OF ILLNESS.

## 1.

Oh, think, though now thy healthful prime  
Seems to defy the disease's zone.  
How soon may pain thy brow convulse.  
How soon pale sickness waste thy human  
Forget not life's uncertain way :  
Death's early prisoner thou mayst be :  
Midst cares or pleasures of each day  
Thou hover'st near eternity.

## 2.

And mark, (so vain thy heart now grows)  
How needful, merciful, so seem  
Disease, an angel in disguise,  
A sad, a stern, yet faithful friend  
The trifler from his zone to seem  
Bid thee despatch of want the zone  
A fleeting, fitful zone  
And "cease from man," and "we are done."

## 3.

Then breathe for heaven ; with instant zeal,  
    Give to thy **LORD** thy spirit's throne :  
So, press'd by languor, thou shalt feel  
    A peace thy vigour ne'er had known.  
What inward light, midst outward gloom,  
    Doth oft the sinking saint surprise !  
Write **BETHEL** o'er his death-bed room :  
    He tastes of heaven before he dies.

## 4.

Nor deem light fancy's warbling this,  
    Writ by experience clear and warm,  
*E'en now* emerging from th' abyss  
    Of fever, in its fearful form.  
How did thy heart, blest sufferer, melt  
    In unknown peace, in unknown love !  
Dearer than ever **CHRIST** was felt,  
    And caught a glimpse of bliss above.

## 5.

Ah, let not—should sweet mercy spare,  
And give thee back to life's brief day—  
Bright sun exhale, or hurrying care  
Brush the rich dews of grace away !  
Those heaven-dropt influences above  
All treasure prize, nor e'er forego ;  
Rare token of thy Father's love,  
Safeguard from sin, and charm for woe !

Dec. 7, 1826.

## LVII.—THE HAPPINESS OF THOSE WHO LOVE THE LORD.

## 1.

How happy, past utt'rance, when, touch'd from above  
By the strong, sweet attraction of infinite love,  
At once the heart yields itself whole to the Lord,  
And follows his guidance with loving accord !

## 2.

A thousand vain fancies that haunted it erst,  
A thousand vile passions it slavishly nurs'd,  
And proud self-delight, and unholy desire,  
(As, lost in sweet sunshine, foul vapours,) expire.

## 3.

And the struggle of nature, long baffled, is o'er,  
The resolve, marr'd as often as mended before :  
'Tis love's "a more excellent way"<sup>34</sup> to attain,  
And with pleasure achieve what was labour in vain.

<sup>34</sup> 1 Cor. xii. ult.

## 4.

Thus weary with wandering, the dove has found rest  
In the ark of salvation ;—its inmates how blest !  
And lowness, meekness, with all things we blend,  
And welcome affliction, or death, as a friend.

## 5.

God's love in redemption, the beauty of Christ,  
And glimpses of glory, oft felt, have suffic'd  
To poison sin's taste, and, with splendour sublime,  
Eclipse all the glimmering allurements of time.

## 6.

Then happy, past utt'rance, if, touch'd from above  
By the strong, sweet attraction of infinite love,  
Thy heart at once yields itself whole to thy Lord,  
And follows his guidance with loving accord !

Dec. 8, 1826.



## LVIII.—THE BETTER REST AND SUNRISE.

## 1.

Oh, to him how sweet, how healing,  
Who with wakeful fever pin'd,  
Balmy slumber, softly stealing  
O'er his frame, and o'er his mind !  
Sweeter yet, to him who loses  
Heavenly peace in sin-born woes,  
When his Lord once more diffuses  
O'er his heart divine repose.

## 2.

Sweet to those who watch for morning  
All the lone and lingering night,  
When, to “hope deferr'd” returning,  
Smiles the dawn of new-born light.  
Yet less sweet than, when in sadness  
Long we walk, and soul-felt glooms,  
Rising like the sun of gladness,  
JESUS all our path illumines.

DEC. 10, 1826. SUNDAY.

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## LIX.—REPOSE IN JESUS.

## 1.

HAPPY those who rest have found  
In the arms of JESUS :  
Press'd no longer, prison'd, bound,  
His glad Spirit frees us.  
What was toil and strife within,  
Now 'tis easy, pleasant :  
Grief of guilt, and love of sin,  
Die, where CHRIST is present.

## 2.

Now, by efforts all in vain,  
Heavenly peace and favour  
Never more we dream to gain,  
Making self a saviour.  
No: the plan is quite revers'd :  
First the sinner sees him,  
Tastes his free salvation first ;  
Then goes forth to please him.

## 3.

Sweet constraint of grateful love,  
Love divine returning!  
Who can tell how far above  
Power of human learning?  
“Come to me,” ('twas thus he spoke)  
“Ye who rest are needing;  
Wear for love my gentle yoke;  
Walk, my wishes heeding.”

## 4.

Blest, whose open hearts discern  
Jesus in his beauty;  
Who in him, concenter'd, learn  
All of truth and duty.  
Treasures, in that suited Friend,  
More than tongue can story,  
Pardon, peace, conversion, blend;  
Boundless grace and glory!

## 5.

Yes, if privileg'd to know  
Aught of that dear Saviour,  
What a debt of love I owe  
For so vast a favour !  
Let me trace his path below,  
Shunning what would grieve him ;  
Till, my trial done, I go  
Where I ne'er shall leave him.

Dec. 11, 1826.

LX.—THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH-BED FAREWELL TO  
HIS BELOVED FRIEND.

1.

How sweetly, mingling heart with heart,  
We two this vale have trod !  
Now, dearest friend, awhile we part,  
And first I go to God.  
I go where Jesus waits his friends,  
Escap'd this tearful waste :  
E'en now my spirit thither tends ;  
E'en now his joy I taste.

2.

*Thou* wepest ;—He hath hallow'd tears :  
Heaven sweetens all *my* smart :  
Yet think, at most a few fleet years  
Thou linger'st here apart.

And often let the memory dear  
Of him before thee gone,  
And dearer hope of meeting, cheer  
Thy heavenward footsteps on.

## 3.

There's nothing here, thy seeking worth,  
But heaven, begun below  
In heavenly love ; as, leaving earth,  
How deeply now I know !  
Then never from thy Saviour swerve,  
Our Friend through all the past ;  
And find him (as I find) reserve  
The sweetest hours the last.

Dec. 12, 1826.

## LXI.—PRAYER FOR PRESERVATION FROM SPIRITUAL DECLINE.

## 1.

Oh, leave me not, celestial Friend,  
Ne'er leave me to this faithless heart!  
On thy sweet grace I still depend;  
And soon decline, if thou depart.  
Unless thou daily hear my prayer,  
No past experience aught avails:  
—Without glad light, and ceaseless air,  
How soon green nature's beauty fails!

## 2.

*E'en now*, to earth returning slow  
From sickness' calm, sequester'd mood,  
I feel impair'd the heavenly glow,  
I fear an earthlier frame renew'd.  
Oh, keep me lowly, meek, and pure,  
And bright with hope, and warm with love;  
Those influences to health secure,  
Which sickness brought me from above!

DEC. 13, 1826.

**KII.—PENITENTIAL PRAYER, ON RETURNING FROM  
A DEVIATION.**

## 1.

On Lord, I have wander'd, and contrite implore  
Thy mercy, thy Spirit, my soul to restore.  
Unnumber'd the pardons thy love hath bestow'd :  
Oh, add a new debt to that infinite load !  
For, Lord, I have wander'd, and contrite implore  
Thy mercy, thy Spirit, to own me once more.

## 2.

With a heart full of grief, I would come, like a child,  
To a Father displeas'd, yet who waits to be mild.  
To thee would I, Saviour, unbosom my smart :  
Thou know'st it, thou know'st all this treacherous heart :  
I have nothing to bring, that can pay for the past :  
At the foot of thy cross, self-condemn'd I am cast.

## 3.

Yet pardon'd, restor'd, I would love thee the more,  
And follow my Shepherd more close than before :  
Thou wilt give me thine arm, thou wilt point me thy way ~~—~~  
Let me seek thee, when tempted; I never need stray :  
And the dread of thy comfortless absence, the charm  
Of thy peace and thy presence, shall guard me from harm ~~—~~

Dec. 14, 1826.

## LXIII.—PARTING OF CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.

## 1.

THEY wept, when they parted from Paul ;  
Their hearts were o'erburden'd with pain :  
They wept at his words, but they wept above all  
That they never should meet him again ;  
No, never !  
—Yet pass but a few fleeting years,  
They shall meet their now vanishing friend ;  
Shall meet him with JESUS, where parting and tears  
In glorified union shall end  
For ever !

## 2.

Thus nature constrains us to weep,  
When we bid a last farewell to those  
Whose converse we fain would unceasingly keep,  
Nor e'er from our joys or our woes  
Would sever.

Yet dry we our tears; for ere long,  
If one with our SAVIOUR in heart,  
We shall meet at his throne, in the rapturous throng  
Of spirits made perfect, nor part  
For ever!

DEC. 15, 1826.

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## LXIV.—“HOW CAN THOSE?”

## 1.

How can those, who, born again,  
O'er sin's deep plague must groan in spirit,  
Desire to linger on in pain,  
Nor sinless bliss, releas'd, inherit ?

## 2.

How can those, who feel that still  
The body, like a prison, chains them,  
And spirit joys when flesh is ill,—  
Yet fondly cling to what detains them ?

## 3.

How can those, who see that all  
Is fleeting, false, though woo'd as pleasure,—  
Descend to earth's unworthy thrall  
From heaven's immense, immortal treasure ?

## 4.

How can those, who know they roam  
As pilgrims here, as passing strangers,—  
Prefer to heaven's eternal home  
A scene of toils, and tears, and dangers ?

## 5.

How can those, who here chastise  
Their purest joys with pierc'd contrition,  
And sink too soon where slow they rise,—  
Not yearn to rest in fix'd fruition ?

## 6.

How can those, whose friends below'd,  
With kindred spirits, (what a legion !)  
Are, like forerunners, hence remov'd,—  
Not sigh to share the same blest region ?

## 7.

How can those, whose matchless LORD  
(Can heaven itself his death-love story ?)  
Awaits them where he dwells ador'd,—  
Not thirst to see him in his glory ?

## 8.

How can those, by labouring faith,  
And patient hope, who now must wander,—  
Reluctant eye the stream of death,  
Nor lose it in the Canaan yonder?

Dec. 15, 1826.

LXV.—“ CAN I DEEM MYSELF MORE 

## 1.

CAN I deem myself more meet,  
Now, for heaven, than years ago   
More in holiness complete?  
—Ah, my heart must answer, no !

## 2.

Still, as then, I look within;  
Still a worthless waste I view;  
Nought for death-bed comfort; sin  
Marring all I think or do.

## 3.

All the peace, that cheer'd my mind  
Years ago, from CHRIST arose;  
All the peace that still I find,  
From that Saviour still it flows.

---

4

Yet, as more I search my breast,  
Grown experience more endears  
Him who sole can give me rest,  
Heal my sorrows, hush my fears.

5.

Clearer sense of His rich worth,  
Deeper love for all I owe;  
—Do I, can I, more on earth  
Of maturing meetness know?

6

Be their works by others ey'd :<sup>35</sup>  
Let me, Lord, be well suffic'd  
(Loveless, joyless, all beside)  
Still to lose myself in CHRIST.

<sup>35</sup> Ephesians ii. 8, 9.

LXVI.—GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION OF  
DISTINGUISHING MERCIES.

## 1.

Oh, why hast thou circled me thus with thy mercies,  
Thou Ocean Divine of unlimited love?—  
All baffled my tongue, when that love it rehearses,  
Which has mark'd me, *least* worthy, my fellows above.  
While brother immortals, a numberless legion,  
Have wander'd, still wander, in soul-chilling glooms;  
Thou hast cast my glad lot in an age and a region,  
Which CHRIST with his heart-healing sunshine illumines.

## 2.

Here too, while so many are groaning around me  
In sickness, in loneliness, labour, or need;  
With health, ease, abundance, and friends, thou hast  
crown'd me,  
And, from all that makes being a burden, hast freed.

While thousands in ignorance languish neglected,  
Nor know the hid treasures of mind and of heart;  
My thoughts have been open'd, my feelings directed,  
To the charms of creation, of knowledge, and art.

## 3.

And more than all else; while so many ne'er tasted  
The blessings of pious example and care;  
Like exquisite plants on a wilderness wasted,  
Nor cultur'd with scripture, nor water'd with prayer:  
I was early led heavenward; and, wide though I wander'd,  
I never lost sight, or desire, of my rest;  
Till, touch'd by the LORD, my first lessons I ponder'd,  
And came, with my heart-ache, in CHRIST to be bless'd.

## 4.

Yet why hast thou thus overwhelm'd me with mercies,  
Thou Ocean Divine of unlimited grace?—  
All baffled my tongue, when that grace it rehearses,  
Which has mark'd me beyond my less privileg'd race?

Oh, add, as the crowning, to all thou hast lavish'd,  
A heart more awake to thy measureless love;  
Delightedly bow'd to thy Spirit; and ravish'd  
With thy goodness below, with thy glory above!

DEC. 17, 1826. SUNDAY.

LXVII.—EXTRAORDINARY MANIFESTATIONS OF GRACE  
AND GLORY, IMPARTED AS ANTIDOTES TO SPIR-  
TUAL DECLENSION AND DESPONDENCY.

## 1.

Oh, say, shall the spirit, that once has been blest to know  
That peace, past expression, which heal'd all its fear  
and woe;

The spirit that once, as divinely rapt, was given  
To breathe amid feelings, all fragrant and fresh from  
heaven :

Oh, say, shall it ever, relapsing in darkness, lose  
The hope, all immortal, those feelings could once infuse ?

## 2.

Shall the seal of the Comforter, earnest of promis'd rest,<sup>36</sup>  
Be ever effac'd from the bosom it once impress'd ?  
The day-spring of glory, if once it illum'd the heart,  
Clear pledge of the day,<sup>37</sup>—shall it ever in gloom depart ?

<sup>36</sup> Ephesians i. 13, 14.      <sup>37</sup> 2 Pet. i. 19. compare Rev. ii. 28.  
and xxii. 16.

Shall adoption's new name, on the white and absolving  
stone,<sup>38</sup>

Shall the heart's hidden manna,—be ever forgot, once  
known ?

## 3.

'Tis true, in a scene, where we walk but by faith, not sight,  
Too few, and too brief, are these gleamings of golden light.  
—'Twas *once* from his toils He respir'd in celestial air,  
Whose three lov'd attendants *once* gaz'd on his glory there;  
To Stephen, in death, was *one* foresight of paradise given;  
And Paul *once* o'erheard that ineffable strain of heaven.

## 4.

Yet he ne'er could forget what his pen could ne'er disclose,<sup>39</sup>  
That strain, whose deep echo outlasted long years of woes:  
And Peter, in darkness, retain'd a reflection bright  
Of the scene, all unearthly, he witness'd on Tabor's height:<sup>40</sup>

<sup>38</sup> Revelation ii. 17.

<sup>39</sup> 2 Cor. xii. 1, &c.

<sup>40</sup> 2 Pet. i. 18.

**And, midst his keen pangs, by that rapturous vision's power,  
Lo, angel-like, Stephen could smile in his martyr hour.<sup>41</sup>**

5.

**Such foretastes of bliss, in the crisis of need, are given  
To cheer us when faint, and attract and attach to heaven.  
Oft o'er the rich mem'ry, as o'er hidden treasure, brood ;  
Oft use it, ('tis given thee) vain doubt or desire to' exclude,  
On each saint, in his turn, may these vistas of glory shine ;  
But none may command them ; oh no ; they are all divine !**

6.

**And *once* did the first-fruits of Canaan charm my taste !  
Their flavour'd remembrance, ne'er, ne'er be it more effac'd !  
A glimpse of the Saviour, amidst his redeem'd, was given :  
In the shadow of death, yet I seem'd in the shine of heaven !  
False fears, wandering wishes, be hence from my heart  
estrang'd ;**

**Till the vision of glory to glory itself be chang'd !**

<sup>41</sup> Acts vi. ult.

**Dec. 22, 1826.**

**LXVIII.—ANGELS ANNOUNCING TO SHEPHERDS TH  
BIRTH OF A SAVIOUR.**

**A CHRISTMAS ODE.**

**1.**

'Tis come, the time so oft foretold,  
    The time Eternal Love forecast :  
Four thousand years of hope have roll'd,  
    And God hath sent his Son at last :  
Let heaven, let earth, adore the plan :  
—“ Glory to God, and grace to man !”

**2.**

And wakes no voice, that peerless night,  
    In rapture o'er th' amazing birth ?  
If man is mute, lo, angels bright  
    Come warbling praise from heaven to earth,  
Impatient heaven's chief work to scan :  
“ Glory to God, and grace to man !”

## 3.

How beauteous did that host illume  
The midnight of a wintry sky !  
How sweet those notes, dispelling gloom,  
The silentness of earth supply !  
As, peal'd sublime, the chorus ran :  
—“Glory to God, and grace to man !”

## 4.

Those angel spirits never fell,  
Ne'er lost, like man, their primal place ;  
Their brethren once, who dar'd rebel,  
Nor know, nor hope, redeeming grace :  
On earth the blended bliss began,  
“Glory to God, and grace to man !”

## 5.

But, foremost, who those accents hear ?  
To Salem are they wafted first ?  
To priest's and prince's favour'd ear ?  
Or midst unconscious air dispers'd ?

(That air, which wafts the warbling clan,  
—“Glory to God, and grace to man!”

## 6.

To swains, that watch'd their nightly fold,  
Of lowly lot, of lowly mind ;  
To these, the tidings first were told,  
That told of hope for lost mankind :—  
God gives his Son ; no more he can :  
—“Glory to God, and grace to man !”

## 7.

To you, blest swains, the stars, that night,  
Were lost amidst angelic blaze ;  
While one, o'er all, divinely bright,  
Ye hastening Magi, fix'd your gaze,  
Like angel singing in your van,  
“Glory to God, and grace to man !”

## 8.

“Glory to God,” from Time's first age  
Was anthem'd by the starry train ;

**T**is heard by heaven-exploring sage,  
 'Tis heard by wanderer o'er the main ;  
**B**ut oh, what star, like that which sang,  
 "Glory to God, and grace to man!"

## 9.

**A**nd well to shepherds first 'tis known,  
 The Lord of angels comes from high,  
**I**n humblest aspect like their own,  
 "Good Shepherd," for his sheep to die :—  
**O**h, height and depth, which who shall span ?  
 —"Glory to God, and grace to man!"

## 10.

Fain, with those meek, those happy swains,  
 Lord, I would hear that angel quire ;  
 Till, ravish'd by celestial strains,  
 My heart responds with holy fire ;  
 (That holy fire thy breath must fan :)  
 —"Glory to God, and grace to man!"

**D**ec. 25, 1826.

## LXIX.—THE FAMILY RESEMBLANCE.

## 1.

THEY all were strangers here below ;  
They felt it ; and confess'd  
(Whate'er their lot of joy or woe)  
That *this* was not their rest.  
They might be cast in want or wealth ;  
Untaught, or grac'd with art ;  
Might pine with pain, or smile with health :  
But all were one in heart.

## 2.

Of different tribe, and distant clime,  
The friends of God may be ;  
Of Israel's, or the Saviour's, time :  
But all in heart agree.  
Not all their joys can make them leave  
The heavenward way they wend ;  
Not all their woes can make them grieve,  
As those that want a friend.

## 3.

Divinely form'd, they all have known  
A new-born life within ;  
And deeply all have learn'd to groan  
Beneath the weight of sin.  
The breath of prayer have all exhal'd ;  
The path of patience trod :  
All by the Lamb's dear might prevail'd ;  
And all are blest in God.

Dec. 27, 1826.

## LXX.—SIMEON, DISCOVERING THE SAVIOUR.

## 1.

HE waited years of aching hope,  
Like those that watch till dayspring ope ;  
And, snow-white now, his locks betray  
Worn nature's late decay :  
And must he soon from earth retire,  
Nor view, on earth, his heart's desire ?

## 2.

Despair not yet ; seek, favour'd saint,  
The temple :—who thy joy shall paint ?  
To eye thy Saviour's infant charms !  
To clasp him in thine arms !  
“ I've seen him !”—cries thy bursting heart ;—  
“ LORD, let me now in peace depart !”

## 3.

Thus, after years of hope's delay,  
When first the saint, some holy day,  
His Saviour with clear faith discerns ;  
    His heart with rapture burns :—  
The sun has ris'n ; the clouds decrease ;  
And life is praise ; and death is peace !

DEC. 28, 1826.

## LXXI.—JESUS THE LORD OF THE SABBATH.

## 1.

Yes ; Lord of the sabbath thou art ;  
Sole master of sacred repose :  
Tis thou to the sin-burden'd heart  
Must afford a sweet rest from its woes.  
From obedience, though labour'd with awe,—  
From the world, and thought-banishing glee,—  
That quiet in vain would we draw,  
Which we never can win, but in thee.

## 2.

Yes , Lord of the sabbath thou art :—  
The charm of its worship none knows,  
Save who from the load of his heart  
Has escaped to his Saviour's repose.  
In vain, with the crowd, we perform  
Our duties of hearing and prayer :  
Unless our devotion to warm,  
Thy Spirit, Redeemer, is there.

## 3.

Yes ; Lord of the sabbath thou art ;  
The sabbath of heaven : and, save those  
Who, reposing on Jesus, depart,  
None share his eternal repose.  
—To thee, then, for ever to thee,  
From all my vain labour and woe,  
True Lord of the sabbath, I flee  
For the sabbath none else can bestow !

DEC. 29, 1826.

## LXXII.—THE MASTER, NOT ALWAYS AT HOME.

“ Occupy, till I come.”—Luke xix. 13.

## 1.

OFT the most belov'd at home  
Of masters, is not there ;  
Far or near he oft may roam ;  
Yet none at home despair :  
Him, though absent, none forget ;  
Oft for him his partner mourns,  
Till, to cheer her fond regret,  
Her lingering lord returns.

## 2.

Still, though left, his inmates shun  
Whate'er he disapproves ;  
Somewhat still by each is done,  
That, well they know, he loves.  
And, should urgent need befall,  
Grief be felt, or death be near ;  
Swift, at their imploring call,  
Their friend will re-appear.

## 3.

Thus, when JESUS seems awhile,  
From those he loves, to roam ;  
Though unheard his voice,—his smile  
A stranger e'en at home ;  
Yet if, once his own, the heart  
All its love on him bestow'd ;  
There, though oft he seem to part,  
He keeps his fix'd abode.

## 4.

Lov'd Redeemer, let me ne'er  
In absence thee forget !  
Ne'er thy sweet return despair,  
Amidst my deep regret !  
Something let me ever find,  
Thee to please, as when at home ;  
Ever thy memento mind,  
“ Be busy, till I come !”

## 5.

Oh, in nature's trying hour,  
When I to thee appeal,  
Swift return!—in all thy power,  
Oh, then thyself reveal!  
Be thy presence most bestow'd,  
When in life's last pangs I pine!  
Prove my bosom thine abode,  
And take me *home to thine*!

## 6.

Yes; experience well hath deem'd,  
Thou *then* wilt reappear:—  
Sweet thy smile, and sudden, beam'd,  
When death seem'd hov'ring near.  
Till that golden hour shall come,  
Be thy partings brief and few;—  
Stay, dear Master, *here* at home,  
Till *thine* abode I view!

DEC. 30, 1826.



## LXXIII.—JACOB AT BETHEL.

## 1.

His brother's rage he mournful fled,  
And long and lonely was his way :  
He had not where to lay his head,  
As faded now the sun's last ray.  
That head, with griefs and fears oppress'd,  
He pillow'd on the hard, cold stone :  
But oh, he sunk in sweeter rest  
Than e'er his hours of joy had known.

## 2.

As homeless, friendless, he repos'd,  
And mingled night's with slumber's dew ;  
A scene of glory heaven disclos'd  
To his rapt spirit's inward view.  
Lo, where he lay, a path of light,  
A vista to the throne of GOD ;  
And there a host of angels bright  
Ascending and descending trod !

## 3.

Sweet token that, with ceaseless care,  
 Our Father eyes his mourning friends;  
 And oft to such, amidst despair,  
 Celestial ministration sends.  
 Clear emblem, too, of God with man,  
 In Him, the Lord of angels, given  
 To finish Love's amazing plan,  
 And ope the way from earth to heaven.

## 4.

That Lord the pilgrim, when he rose,  
 With faith's prophetic eye ador'd;  
 And on the stone of his repose  
 Oil, type of heaven's Anointed, pour'd.  
 O'erwhelm'd with awe, the place he nam'd  
 "The house of God, the gate of heaven;"  
 O'erwhelm'd with holy love, exclaim'd,  
 His life should all to God be given.

## 5.

"Tis when the saint is sad and lone,  
His Bethel visions oft appear ;  
Then JESUS to his heart is shown ;  
Then angel friends are hovering near.  
A glimpse of glory glads his view ;  
And grief and fear are lost in hope :  
He girds them for his race anew,  
Nor faints, till heaven's own Bethel ope.

## 6.

Oh, precious Stone, in Zion laid,  
And crown'd with unction all divine !  
"Tis only, while on thee I'm stay'd,  
That e'en to *dream* of heaven is mine.  
From restless thoughts of sin and woe,  
Vain vigils that my heart would keep  
On JESUS let me rest ; "for so  
He gives to his beloved sleep."

DEC. 31, 1826.

XXV.—JOSEPH MAKING HIMSELF KNOWN TO  
BRETHREN.

## I.

Strangers all were parted,  
Brothers left alone;  
While those brothers smarted,  
He himself made known.  
"Come, my brother, said he;  
You are my brother;  
Here your friend remain me,  
I come, when others fail."

## II.

"Thus the Joseph, Jesus,  
When I need distress  
Came unto me, he was in  
The world to help me.  
When I was cast down,  
When I was worn out,  
When I was persecuted,  
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus."

## 3.

“ True, ye basely sold me ;  
Yet no more bewail ;  
Here your Friend behold me,  
Friend when others fail !”  
—At his voice, confounded,  
Yet consol’d, like Saul,  
Fore the Friend they wounded  
Pardon’d rebels fall.

## 4.

Now, in him they banish’d  
Each a brother shares :  
All the past has vanish’d ;  
All his wealth is theirs.  
—So, to thee, my Saviour,  
What a debt I owe !  
Hence, let life’s behaviour  
Love’s devotion show !

LXXXV.—MOSES, IRRADIATED BY HIS CONVERSE  
WITH GOD.

1.

When, the high communion ended  
Which he held alone with God,  
Moses from the mount descended,  
And once more with Israel trod ;  
Fresh from heaven, unearthly splendor  
Linger'd on his looks awhile ;  
Mortal vision, all too tender,  
Blench'd before the dazzling smile.

2.

Well at first that smile he shaded  
With a veil from Israel's ken :  
Soon in nature's mist it faded ;  
Soon he look'd like other men.  
Never more, through all his story,  
—Not on Pisgah's death-bed height,—  
Beam'd he thus ; not till in glory  
With his Lord transfigur'd bright.

## 3.

When, sequester'd with their Saviour,  
Saints have breath'd celestial air ;  
Thus their aspect, their behaviour,  
Seems a heavenly hue to wear.  
They have seen so bright a vision,  
From the crowd 'tis best conceal'd :  
Ne'er again, till death's transition,  
May such glory be reveal'd.

## 4.

But too soon the scene has faded,  
Which that rich reflection threw ;  
Soon, by nature's mist o'er shaded,  
Fades the rich reflection too.  
Oh, may yet the sweet remembrance  
Cheer the pilgrim's heavenward way,  
Till he share his Lord's resemblance,  
Perfect in eternal day !<sup>42</sup>

<sup>42</sup> The two latter stanzas alone, are designed for singing, and for them the writer composed an air.

## LXXVI.—THE MAGI AT THE MANGER.

## 1.

See them bending in the manger,  
Sages who have come from far  
To behold the heavenly Stranger,  
Guided by his herald star.  
See, on high, that bright attendant  
Pause to point their journey done,  
Where, with righteousness resplendent,  
Smiles in clouds the new-born Sun.

## 2.

To that Sun the sages kneeling,  
And their treasures opening, view  
—May I share their holy feeling,  
Kneel, and ope my bosom too !  
Well they come to gaze with gladness ;  
Well with gladness they return :  
—Those may bid adieu to sadness,  
Who a Saviour theirs discern.

## 3.

Well the wondrous scene engages  
All that have a heart to bring :  
—Angels, shepherds, saints, and sages,  
Cluster'd here, adore your King !  
Let me join the happy legion,—  
Varied, vast, yet one in love ;  
Join on earth, and in the region  
Where they circle CHRIST above !

JAN. 4, 1827.

## LXXVII.—THE STATE BETWEEN EARTH AND HEAVEN

## 1.

There *is* a state that hangs between  
A woeful earth,—a blissful heaven :  
Though passing storms may mar the scene,  
Yet *there* a stable calm is given.  
If a cloud his smile o'ercast,  
Brighter soon returns the sun ;  
Till the half of earth is past,  
Half of heaven begun !

## 2.

Oh, placid state of gospel rest !  
Sweet sabbath of the wearied soul !  
Though lingering foes may oft molest,  
They ne'er regain their old controul.  
Egypt's woes are far behind ;  
Sinai, and the desert, past :  
Less of earth, and less, we find ;  
All is heaven at last !

## 3.

The longer in "Immanuel's land"<sup>26</sup>  
We walk, and all its breadth explore ;  
Still, as we gaze, new charms expand,  
And brighter scenes, unknown before :  
Till we come, (inspiring hope,  
To the faithful pilgrim given !)  
Where through day's last shadow ope  
Gleams of bursting heaven !

**26** Isai. viii. 8.

JAN. 7, 1827.

## LXXVIII.—THE POVERTY OF RICHES.

## 1.

Thou'rt poor in earth's treasure ;  
Yet do not complain !  
If thou know'st not its pleasure,  
Thou know'st not its pain :  
If thou canst not diffuse it,  
Thou canst not abuse.

Then why should'st thou choose it ?  
—To gain were to lose.

## 2.

Art *thou* less befriended  
In dwelling, in board,  
Than He who descended,  
Thy Saviour, thy Lord ?  
All nature's expansion  
Was *his* ; and, if thine  
Were mean as *his* mansion,  
Say, could'st thou repine ?

## 3.

Or dream'st thou, the treasure  
Dust yields, could impart  
The quiet, the leisure,  
So dear to thy heart ?  
Or dream'st thou,—to bind thee  
Thus earthward the more,  
The fitter would find thee  
In spirit to soar ?

## 4.

Nor think, thou art never  
Permitted to know  
The joy of the giver,  
Because thou art low :  
What thy poverty offers  
He sees with delight,  
Who preferr'd to proud coffers  
A poor widow's mite.

## 5.

And still be it heeded,  
How near thee the scene,  
Where nought will be needed,  
Save what is within.  
Be the riches that please us,  
Faith, meekness, and love ;  
Here, the graces of JESUS,—  
His glories, above !

JAN. 10, 1827.

## LXXIX.—ABRAHAM SACRIFICING ISAAC.

## 1.

The saint, with all the father's pangs,  
Prepares to slay the son,  
On whom the hope of nations hangs,  
His dear, his only one :  
And yet his pangs are sooth'd by this,—  
He does it at the call  
Of Him who could not ask amiss,  
Of God who gave him all.

## 2.

But when “ our Father,” bent to save  
A world by guilt undone,  
Spar'd not, (amazing boon !) but gave  
His dear, his only Son ;  
’Twas not at duty’s awful nod,  
Or gratitude’s sweet call :  
All, all had wander’d far from God,  
When JESUS died for all.



## 3.

Meek Isaac, like his race, was due  
To guilty nature's death :  
Twas heaven's mysterious love, he knew,  
That early claim'd his breath :  
And hope still cheer'd both sire and son,  
That God would find a lamb ;  
And hope was crown'd ; and, ere 'twas done,  
Behold the heaven-sent ram !

## 4.

But when Emmanuel left the sky,  
No taint of guilt he knew :  
Though, Isaac-like, he bow'd to die,  
Yet death was not his due.  
The bitter cup his Father gave  
Had not one drop of balm :  
Nor God could find a lamb to save  
His own provided Lamb !



## 5.

Did thus thy mercy, Father, send  
Thine only Son from high ?  
And didst thou, Saviour, thus descend,  
In boundless grace, to die ?  
—Impress, with thine adopting seal,  
Thou Spirit from above,  
Here on my heart the deep appeal  
Of God's redeeming love !

JAN. 12, 1827.

## LXXX.—THE LAMB AND THE DOVE.

## 1.

Shall thy bosom form a dwelling,  
Where the Saviour, like a *lamb*,  
May be welcom'd, strife expelling,  
Breathing love and heavenly calm ?  
Far be passions, peace molesting ;  
Far be thoughts that meekness mar :  
Where the lovely *lamb* is resting,  
Wolf and lion thence be far !

## 2.

Shall thy bosom form a dwelling,  
Where the Spirit, like a *dove*,  
May be welcom'd, strife expelling,  
Breathing only peace and love ?  
Let not feelings harsh, intruding,  
Dare disturb the sacred guest :  
Where the gentle *dove* is brooding,  
Vulture, viper, spare her nest !

JAN. 23, 1827.

LXXXI.—STANZAS, SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY, WHO SHORTLY BEFORE HER DEATH, HAD TRANSCRIBED THE SERIES OF AIRS TO WHICH THESE SACRED SONGS WERE ADAPTED.

## 1.

Sweetly, oh, sweetly dost thou rest,  
My heart's united friend !  
All the deep workings of thy breast  
In holy calmness end.  
Thou wert not form'd for earth : thy soul  
Was early chang'd for heaven ;  
And, while thy faith pursued its goal,  
The glorious prize was given.

## 2.

How has thy voice, thy heart, enjoy'd  
The sacred strains I wrote !  
How was thy gifted hand employ'd  
In tracing fair each note !  
Now, added to the countless throng  
Of those whose faith was thine,  
Thou pour'st in everlasting song  
The praise of love divine.

## 3.

Heaven in thy bosom dawn'd erewhile  
With sunshine calm and bright,  
Till mists of sorrow dimm'd the smile  
Of that celestial light.  
Yet sudden, ere thy day was o'er,  
Lo, every cloud had past ;  
Nor can one shade of sadness more  
Thy radiant bliss o'er cast.<sup>27</sup>

## 4.

Small though thy store, the hand that w  
With beauteous art for bread,  
Yet had enough (thyself forgot)  
That others might be fed :  
And large thy heart, and richly stor'd  
With treasures that endure :  
—Worldlings, with all their selfish hoar  
Compar'd with thee,—how poor !

<sup>27</sup> She died by pleurisy, after two days of illness, 1

## 5.

Treasures immortal,—patience, love,  
Peace, purity,—were thine ;  
Thoughts and desires that soar'd above,  
And fed on truth divine.  
Bright genius, and each sister art,  
Adorn'd that teeming mind :  
Yet all was lowness in heart,  
'Twas all to heaven resign'd.

## 6.

Oh, that a friend, so mean as he  
Who late beside thee trod,  
Ever was us'd in pointing thee  
To happiness and God !  
Yes, thou hast won the mark :—and oh,  
May he, who mourns apart,  
Follow thy steps, though far below,  
And meet thee—where thou art !

JULY 3, 1827.

LXXXII.—THE DEPARTED FRIEND.<sup>28</sup>

## 1.

Oh, where is the face, which so brightly would glisten  
With beams of intelligence, meekness, and love ?  
Oh, where is the voice, to which Friendship would liste  
Whose converse would charm us, all music above ?  
That face, like a dream it has vanish'd, in token  
That *thou* who art left shalt ere long disappear :  
That voice, it returns not ; the sweet cord is broken ;  
Though treasur'd its echo in memory's ear.

## 2.

But the spirit, that beam'd in those eloquent features,  
The spirit, whose tenderness breath'd in those tones,  
Has pass'd to the mansions of angel-like creatures ;  
Has parted for ever from sin and its groans.  
What visions of glory, what thrillings of gladness,  
(Beyond all that hope could aspire to) surprise  
The look that so often was shaded by sadness,  
And swell the lov'd accent that mingled with sighs !

<sup>28</sup> Written in reference to the subject of the preceding stanzas  
DEC. 6, 1827.

## LXXXIII.—THE SUFFERER CONSOLED.

## 1.

Weep not, oh, weep not!—what though sorrow  
On sorrow round thee seem to crowd;  
Let faith a joy from suffering borrow:  
The rainbow brightens in the cloud.

## 2.

Still were the scene of pleasure smiling,  
Above it ne'er thy thoughts would rise;  
Ne'er would the world, thy heart beguiling,  
Leave thee at leisure to be wise.

## 3.

He who with all thy frame converses,  
Whose chastenings are his marks of love,  
Thus wakes thee from thy dreams, and nurseth  
And guards thee for thy home above.

## 4.

Weep, then, oh, weep not!—what though sorrow  
On sorrow round thee seem to crowd;  
Let faith a joy from suffering borrow:  
Thy rainbow brightens in thy cloud.

Dec. 21, 1827.



## LXXXIV.—THE HEAVENLY LAND.

## 1.

And is there a land, far away from sin and woe,  
All pure and all blest, where the friends of Jesus go ;  
To see him as he is, his redeeming love adore,  
Be with him, be like him, for ever, ever more ?

## 2.

And that land, is that land of eternal life so near  
That Faith, in her hour, may the countless voices hear ;  
And is it in that land, by the Saviour's boundless grace ;  
That, releas'd from this body, I fain would hope a pla ce

## 3.

Oh, why then, oh why, from that lovely land above,  
Should pleasures, how vain, steal away my stedfast love ?  
Or why, when ere to-morrow the blissful scene may ope,  
Though distress'd, should I sorrow, as one that has not  
hope ?

## 4.

No, onward, still onward, with unreverted eye,  
Let me press, through each scene, to my Father's house  
on high ;  
And find that, while a pilgrim on Zion's way I sing,  
Nor pleasures can lure me, nor sorrows deeply sting !

DEC. 23, 1827.

LXXXV.—THE MISSIONARY MARTYN, ASCENDING THE  
TABLE MOUNTAIN AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.<sup>29</sup>

## 1.

He climb'd the lonely mountain, on Afric's utmost shore,  
And thought of dear companions he ne'er should walk  
with more :

A death-like desolation came o'er his feeling heart ;  
The world appear'd a desert, from all he lov'd apart.

## 2.

He climb'd the lonely mountain, and, in his mournful mood,  
Mus'd o'er the heav'nward journey, which all his soul  
pursued ;

What hard ascent we find it, and how the pilgrim saint,  
In climbing Zion's mountain, is friendless oft, and faint.

## 3.

And yet, as on he labour'd, he saw the streams descend,  
That told of heavenly comforts, which oft the saint befriend;

<sup>29</sup> See the beautiful passage in his Journal.

And though his path was steeper, as near the wish'd-for  
height,

Sweet hope of rest revived him, and made his footstep light.

4.

And, in a soft green hollow, a beauteous, golden flower  
Beguil'd his pensive spirit in nature's drooping hour :  
It seem'd a type of glory, of loveliness and peace,  
As opening on the pilgrim, when toil and sorrow cease.

5.

And oh, how sweet (he whisper'd) in heaven to rest at last,  
When life, with all its burdens, and death itself, is past !  
To rove in bowers of fragrance, which paradise displays,  
With happy, happy spirits, that breathe eternal praise !

6.

So thought the heavenly MARTYN : in heaven the wish was  
heard :

So went he forth with weeping, to sow the Saviour's word :  
Pass seven short years of labour on Asia's pagan soil,  
And in that Saviour's bosom he rests from all his toil.

Dec. 26, 1827.

K

LXXXVI.—PRAYER FOR CONTINUED MERIT

## 1.

Oh, do not forsake me,  
My Father, my Friend !  
When I wander, o'er take me,  
And guide to the end !  
With thy tenderness draw me ;  
Nor let me repine  
If thy chastening o'er awe me :  
I must be made thine.

## 2.

When neglect, sin, and error,  
On consciousness crowd,  
Under sorrow, or terror,  
My spirit is bow'd.  
When I muse on thy mercies,  
Thy patience, love, care ;  
Then the dark cloud disperses ;  
I cannot despair.

## 3.

Oh, no ! thou wilt never,—  
So faithful, so kind,—  
From thy favour *one* sever,  
Who *thee*, Lord, would find.  
'Tis I that oft leave thee ;  
Forgive me, restore ;  
And, Lord, let me grieve thee  
No more, never more !

1827.

**LXXXVII.—THE SENSE OF PAST ENJOYMENT, EFFACED  
BY PRESENT GRIEF.**

1.

How soon, when our path is o'ershaded by sorrow,  
We forget the late sunshine of gladness ;  
Or only recal the bright contrast, to borrow  
A deeper impression of sadness !

2.

How soon, when the friend of our bosom has vanish'd,  
And death has embalm'd our affection ;  
The sweet hours we tasted together are banish'd  
By heart-ache and pining reflection !

3.

E'en thus, when returns the dark, leafless December,  
All nature to dreariness dooming ;  
Thy paradise, Summer, no more we remember,  
That lately around us was blooming.

## 4.

**But in yonder bright world, (and, with stedfast endeavour,  
I fain would be travelling thither,)  
No grief chases gladness ; no death can dissever :  
No winter the paradise wither.**

**JAN. 3, 1828.**

## LXXXVIII.—REMEMBRANCE OF THE WAY.

“Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee these forty years in the wilderness.”—Deut. viii. 2.

## 1.

Oh, how kindly hast thou led me,  
Heavenly Father, day by day !  
Found my dwelling, cloth'd and fed me,  
Furnish'd friends to cheer my way !  
Didst thou bless me, didst thou chasten,  
With thy smile, or with thy rod ?  
‘Twas that still my step might hasten  
Homeward, heav'nward, to my God.

## 2.

Oh, how slowly have I often  
Follow'd, where thy hand would draw !  
How thy kindness fail'd to soften !  
How thy chastening fail'd to awe !  
Make me for thy rest more ready,  
As thy path is longer trod !  
Keep me, in thy friendship, steady,  
Till thou call me home, my God !

JAN. 7, 1828.

## LXXXIX.—THE PEACE OF A DEVOUT MIND, CONTRASTED WITH VAIN DISQUIETUDE.

## 1.

SAY, why should thy breast be disturb'd with each trifle ?  
Oh, why should not gloom and anxiety cease ?  
When sacred communion each murmur would stifle,  
And charm all thy spirit to purified peace !  
What heart-healing balm for corrosions of sadness,  
The glory, the grace, of thy God to review !  
What a life-breathing watchword to love, hope, and  
gladness,  
Is all he hath done, and hath promis'd to do !

## 2.

The moonbeams, that silver the bosom of ocean,  
Play broken, though bright, o'er the tremulous deep ;  
But see, on the lake, without wrinkle or motion,  
How perfectly mirror'd the moon seems to sleep !

And thus the mild beams of the Spirit are broken,<sup>30</sup>  
Too oft, by the workings and waves of thy breast:  
Then aim to reflect in that bosom the token  
Of heaven, of unruffled effulgence and rest!

<sup>30</sup> "The sea, which I am looking on from the port-holes, is comparatively smooth; yet it exhibits the moonbeams only in broken reflections. It is thus an emblem of my heart: no longer tossed with tempestuous passions, it has subsided a little; yet still the mild beams of the Spirit fall on an undulatory surface: but the time of perfect rest approaches."—*MARTYN's Journal.*

JAN. 9, 1828.

**CHRISTIAN HOPE, THE ANTIDOTE TO EARTHLY TRIALS.**

## 1.

How still, amidst commotion,  
The bark, at anchor cast !  
Around her heaves the ocean ;  
Her anchor holds her fast :  
And "hope, an anchor of the soul,"<sup>31</sup>  
How stedfast to the saint is given !  
Around him waves of trial roll ;  
His hope is fix'd in heaven.

## 2.

How light, how evanescent,  
The things of sense appear,  
When God is felt as present,  
Eternal life as near !  
Then pleasures vain no more beguile ;  
Vain sorrows, then, no more annoy ;  
The brightening soul can only smile  
With heavenly love and joy.

<sup>31</sup> Hebrews vi. 19.

XCI.—SOCIAL, CROWNED WITH SACRED, L<sup>O</sup>V

## 1.

WOULD'ST thou thine every joy improve,  
Soothe thine every smart ?  
To sympathies of social love  
Yield thine opening heart.  
That heart was never to be bound  
In selfishness, its death ;  
'Twas given to deal its kindness round,  
As flowers their balmy breath.  
Then would'st thou every joy improve,  
Soften every smart ?  
To sympathies of social love  
Yield thine opening heart.

## 2.

But would'st thou find heart-piercing pain  
Ne'er thy peace destroy ?  
Let *heavenly* love o'er *human* reign,  
Turning pain to joy.

**T**o none, the most endear'd, accord  
The sceptre of thy love;  
**N**or let the temple of thy Lord  
An idol temple prove!—  
**T**hen would'st thou find heart-piercing pain  
Ne'er thy peace destroy?  
**L**et *heavenly* love o'er *human* reign,  
Turning pain to joy!

B. 4, 1828.

## XCH.—“THEY REST FROM THEIR LABOURS.”

Rev. xiv. 13.

## 1.

No, cease thy sorrow!—wherefore weep  
For those who in their Saviour sleep?  
“Is this thy kindness to thy friend?”<sup>32</sup>  
That selfish grief in joy should end.

## 2.

Yet grief is hallow’d: Jesus wept  
To see where Mary’s brother slept:  
He wept with those that wept.—Then weep!  
And yet, thy tears for sufferers keep!

## 3.

The voice of sainted spirits hear:—  
“Tis *ye* who claim the pitying tear;  
*Ye* who in fetters groan, while *we*  
From flesh, and all its aches, are free:

<sup>32</sup> 2 Samuel xvi. 17.

## 4.

*Ye* who must rise each morn to bear  
Your daily load of toil and care ;  
While *we* have won the bright reward,  
And rest for ever with the Lord."

## 5.

Then cease thy sorrow ! wherefore weep  
For those who in their Saviour sleep ?  
" Is this thy kindness to thy friend ?"  
That selfish grief in joy should end.<sup>33</sup>

<sup>33</sup> " And is it for *such* that we put on sable attire, and go mourning all the day ? *Is this thy kindness to thy friend ?* If you loved them, would you not rejoice because they are gone to the Father ? Are they not now; from that excellent glory, ready to exclaim ; ' weep not for *us*, but for yourselves and children ? ' You are the objects of pity, not *we* : *you*, who are still in the conflict ; not *we*, who have won the victory : *you*, who are yet in the body ; not *we*, who are delivered from the burden of the flesh : *you*, who rise in the morning to cares that perplex, disappointments that vex, infirmities that oppress you ; not *we*, who are *for ever with the Lord.*" —JAY's *Christian Contemplated*.

FEB. 19, 1828.

## XCIII.—THE PREROGATIVE OF THE DEATH-BED.—

## 1.

WHILE life presses on with its crowded concerns,  
And day after day with its burden returns ;  
Earth claims our exertion, we may not despond,  
Nor be too much absorb'd by the bright scene beyond.  
But when we are parting,—'tis gracious, 'tis wise,  
That the saint should be suffered to die, ere he dies,  
To all but the foretaste of glory so nigh,  
To all but the whisper,—“ Friend, come up on high !”

## 2.

Bear witness, thou—“ less than the least of the saints,”  
Whose spirit too oft on thy pilgrimage faints ;  
And yet, more than once, thou hast witness'd it given,  
When nearest to *death*, to seem nearest to *heaven* ;—  
Hast caught (canst thou ever forget the sweet hours ?)  
Caught a waft of its voices, a gale from its bowers,  
A glimpse, on thy couch, of the glory that beam'd,  
From the smile of their God, o'er the happy redeem'd !

## 3.

Yes, comforts there are for the death-bed alone,  
To which Faith was a stranger, which Hope had not known.  
It was not till Moses on Pisgah expir'd,  
He was bless'd with a view of the land he desir'd.  
And think, if the first-fruits of Eschol were sweet,  
What a rapture, the vintage of Canaan complete !  
Then let Faith do its work, till it glow into sight;  
Nor Hope lose its patience, till lost in delight.<sup>34</sup>

<sup>34</sup> "For every thing there is a season ; and the Christian must be prepared for his *work* as well as his *reward*. Now, if we are to regard our secular concerns, we must feel a degree of interest about them. There are measures of knowledge and comfort, which would so powerfully affect us, as to make every thing, seen and temporal, appear too low, too little, to engage us : we see this in Peter, on the mountain of Transfiguration. But when we come to take leave of the scene, it is wise and merciful to permit us to be dead to it : when we are going, it is well to be loosened from our detentions ; to be blinded to all we are resigning, by a sight of *the glory to be revealed* ; and to be rendered deaf to every other sound than the voice that says, 'Come up higher !'" — JAY's *Christian Contemplated*.

MARCH 6, 1828.

## XCIV.—THE PARADISE WITHIN, THE PARADISE WE WANT.

—“Thou shalt possess  
A paradise within thee, happier far.”—MILTON.

## 1.

WHEN the heavens above us brighten,  
And sweet nature smiles around ;  
Wants there aught our bliss to heighten ?  
—Yes, the *soul*, with graces crown'd.  
Had we paradise *within*,  
Perfect as the scene, the skies,  
Had we hearts unsoil'd with sin,—  
Ours indeed were paradise !

## 2.

Were but nature's glowing beauty  
Emblem of a bosom, still  
Pure and peaceful in its duty ;  
Would not heaven that bosom fill ?  
But the world *within* presents  
Contrast, sad and strange, of doubt,

Passion, pride, and vain intents,  
To the lovelier world *without*.

## 3.

Yet there *is* a new creation,  
That can bid the desert gloom  
Be the Spirit's habitation,  
Like reviving Eden bloom !  
Then with pureness, peace, and love,  
All the soul is grac'd, is bless'd :  
Come, sweet Spirit from above,  
Thus imparadise my breast !

## 4.

Nature, that around us brightens,  
Heavens and earth, must pass away ;  
But the soul, which CHRIST enlightens,  
Shines with CHRIST in endless day !  
Then, while oft thy ravish'd eyes  
O'er the beauteous landscape roll,  
Prize, oh, far more deeply prize,  
Heaven reflected in thy soul !

MAY 24, 1828.

SACRED SONGS.

~~27~~ — TRUE HOME.

— ~~True~~ — ~~home~~ — ~~now~~ — while I roam,  
I ~~feel~~ ~~safe~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~one~~ ~~at~~ ~~home~~;  
I ~~feel~~ ~~safe~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~one~~ ~~I~~ ~~love~~.  
My ~~one~~ ~~safe~~ ~~haven~~ is ~~home~~ is ~~above~~!  
True home — the home;  
My ~~one~~ ~~safe~~ ~~haven~~ — ~~home~~ is ~~thy~~ ~~home~~!

True home — the home is ~~one~~ ~~we~~ ~~all~~ ~~know~~.  
This ~~one~~ ~~is~~ ~~safe~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~one~~ ~~home~~;  
The ~~one~~ ~~is~~ ~~safe~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~one~~ ~~home~~ I ~~know~~.  
The ~~one~~ ~~is~~ ~~safe~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~one~~ ~~home~~ for  
Home — home — the home;  
My ~~one~~ ~~safe~~ ~~haven~~ — ~~home~~ is ~~my~~ ~~home~~.

## 3.

**N**or sorrow, nor sickness, nor parting, is *there* ;  
**N**or place left for penitence, patience, or prayer :  
**F**or ever at home with the Saviour, they raise  
**T**heir sweet hallelujahs of rapturous praise.

Home ! home ! true, true home !

**T**is *there* is my home ;—tis there is my home !

Dec. 4, 1828.

## XCVI.—CALL FROM FALSE TO REAL PLEASURE

## 1.

WHEN all around is smiling,  
Remember how soon it must end !  
Pleasure, now *so* beguiling,  
Say, *will* it thy death-bed befriend ?  
Then never, oh, never, in vain,  
Let trifles thy spirit enchain ;  
Thy spirit, created to rise,  
And center its hopes in the skies !

## 2.

All, all that worldlings cherish,  
How soon, like a vision, 'tis past !  
All that's of earth must perish ;  
Love only attends us at last.  
Then fix on thy treasure thy heart,  
And ne'er from thy Saviour depart !  
But ripen in meekness and love  
For infinite pleasures above !

Dec. 11, 1828.



## CVII.—CHARM OF SONG, ENHANCED BY LOVE.

## 1.

Oh, how sweet the voice of song,  
O'er the soften'd mind  
Pouring, as it floats along,  
Feelings undefin'd !  
Yet more sweet the voice of love,  
Mingling heart with heart,  
Heightening every joy we prove,  
Soothing every smart.

## 2.

Oh, when health and spirits flee,  
When I lonely pine,  
Give me song ! but let it be  
Song of Muse divine !  
Then, yet more than song, be near  
Sweeter love's controul !  
Heavenly song the sense to cheer ;  
Heavenly love the soul !

Nov. 17, 1830.

## XCVIII.—UNFADING SCENERY.

## 1.

AND say'st thou, this beautiful earth we survey,  
Like a vapour, a vision, shall vanish away ?  
Oh, tell me not so ! 'tis a pain to be told,  
When scenes of enchantment like these I behold :  
Or wait for dark winter !—but tell me not so,  
While summer, around us, and paradise glow !

## 2.

Such scenes He that form'd them will never efface,  
Or only that brighter may rise in their place.  
What landscapes, far lovelier, far more sublime,  
Streans, mountains, woods, vales, in that exquisite clim  
Then say not, the scenes I so fondly survey  
Shall fade ! they shall bloom in an infinite day !

Nov. 22, 1830.

## XCIX.—SONG OF THE CHRISTIAN MARINER.

## 1.

SWEETLY ye blow, celestial gales !  
Our oars let us ply, and expand our sails.  
Faithful our chart, our compass even,  
Our anchor is hope, our harbour heaven.  
Sweetly blow on, celestial gales !  
Be patience for oars, and be prayer for sails !

## 2.

What though at times a rough wind blow,  
And breakers abound, and the tide run low ?  
Think, when we gain the wish'd-for shore,  
How sweet to repose, our labours o'er !  
On, let us on ! to chase our fear,  
The haven's in view, and the Saviour near !

## 3.

Hark to their voice! (that white-rob'd host  
To welcome us waits on the blissful coast!)  
Once, like yourselves, mid grief and fear  
We anchor'd on hope, and landed here:  
On, brothers, on! your sails expand;  
The haven's in view, and the Lord at hand!"

— 1835.

## C.—THE FAREWELL SONG.

## 1.

—WAKE, sweet voice, oh, wake once more,  
To breathe a farewell lay !  
How soon must all thy songs be o'er !  
How soon thy powers decay ;  
Yet cheer thy tone with hope, ere long,  
Reviving, still to raise  
A sweeter far, far nobler song,  
A song of ceaseless praise !  
Then wake, sweet voice, oh, wake once more,  
And breathe this parting lay ;  
Ere yet thy songs on earth be o'er,  
And thou too die away !

## 2.

The voice, oft link'd with thine, now mute,  
Of one to memory dear,<sup>35</sup>

<sup>35</sup> See Nos. LXXXI. and LXXXII.

May, like some sweet remember'd lute,<sup>36</sup>

Revive in memory's ear.

But is she mute ?—These lowly lays

Would charm her tuneful hours :

A spirit, now, she joys to raise

Far worthier strains than ours.

Then let that angel voice, though mute,

Her favour'd lays endear ;

While, like some sweet remember'd lute,

It lives in memory's ear.

### 3.

And should these lays to SACRED SONG

One voice, one heart restore,

Attun'd to themes which saints prolong,

When here they sing no more ;

It shall not bring me grief or shame,<sup>37</sup>

Though mortal meed I lose,

<sup>36</sup> "Like the remember'd tone of a mute lyre."—BYRON.

<sup>37</sup> "It shall not grieve me *then*, that once," &c.—COWPE

TASK, *near the end.*

That thus for Heaven the charms I claim  
Of music and the muse.  
And e'en these lays to SACRED SONG  
Some trifler may restore ;  
May train to themes which saints prolong,  
When here they sing no more.

LY, 1836.

END OF SACRED SONGS.

## ADDITIONAL PIECES.

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### MOSES ON PISGAH.

Deut. xxxiv.

#### 1.

THE painful pilgrimage is past; and Moses,—  
His eye undimm'd by age, his force unbated,—  
Climbs the lone brow of PISGAH, there reposes,  
And views the land for which so long he waited.

#### 2.

Didst thou, hoar saint, thy wondrous journey ponder,  
While miracles of mercy throng'd *remembrance*?  
No; to glad *hope* the scene, expanded yonder,  
Portray'd a substance that eclips'd the semblance!

## 3.

ely scene ! it speaks the glorious Giver ;  
verdur'd vales, and cedar-mantled mountains,  
'd afar by glistering Jordan's river,  
freshen'd, where he lies, by gushing fountains.<sup>38</sup>

## 4.

the scene is chang'd ;—sublime transition :  
in prophetic trance to far-off ages,  
s of Hebrew kings a long drawn vision ;  
alem's glory, with her sainted sages !

## 5.

, THE HEAVENLY MAN, e'en then expected,  
reat, so gracious, in his human station,  
to his own, and, by his own rejected,  
, and ascends, a guilty world's oblation.

## 6.

Moses, now thy ritual burdens ? banish'd ;  
LAMB OF GOD from ritual burdens frees us :  
, now, thy law's precursive shadows ? vanish'd ;  
SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS has ris'n in Jesus !

<sup>38</sup> “ The springs of Pisgah.”—Deut. iv. ult.

## 7.

That eye, undimm'd by age, now gleams with gladness ;  
 —The gleam is gone ! for death has o'er him hover'd :  
 That last smile bids a bright farewell to sadness,  
 His FATHER, SAVIOUR, HEAVEN, at once discover'd !

## 8.

And can we, meek, majestic man, deplore thee,  
 Forbid to die within thy Canaan's border ?  
 Thou but resign'st it for the life of glory,  
 The better country<sup>39</sup> of thy great Rewarder.

## 9.

Buried by GOD, repose from all thy labour,  
 In full beatitude his love rehearsing ;  
 And, with Elijah, reappear on Tabor,  
 Both, in your glory, with your Lord conversing !

## 10.

Deplore thee ? no ; we covet thy dismission :  
 Be PISGAH-views of heaven to us extended !  
 Our spirits wasted where, in GOD's fruition,  
 The songs of MOSES and the LAMB are blended !<sup>40</sup>

<sup>39</sup> Hebrews xi. 16.

<sup>40</sup> Rev. xv. 3.

ELIJAH.

1.

**MAJESTIC** leader of the prophet band !

Pleas'd let me trace thy wise and wondrous tale.  
—While thirst and famine scourge thy guilty land,  
Methinks I view thee in the hermit vale,  
By Cherith's rushing stream, that soon must fail ;  
Where duly, morn and even, at God's command,  
Those winged caterers their charge regale  
With food,—where cull'd ?—a beauteous group they stand  
Before th' expectant seer, nor shun his holy hand.<sup>41</sup>

2

Slow months of judgment roll : the wither'd ground  
Nor shower, nor dew, revives : the stream is dry  
That cheer'd Elijah, where not lone he found  
The loneliness ; his God his company.  
In the poor widow's loft, from hostile eye  
Secure he dwells : while famine preys around,  
Her meal, her cruse, unwasting store supply.

41 1 Kings xvii. 1, &c.

How at her heart did all the mother bound,  
 When, with new-breathing life, her lov'd, lost child he  
 crown'd.<sup>42</sup>

## 3.

The scene is chang'd. Forth at JEHOVAH's call,  
 (Like fire, like thunder, from the dark, mute cloud,)

He starts to light:—can Ahab's rage appal ?

He fronts the king on Carmel, midst a crowd  
 Of pamper'd priests, whose knees to Baal bow'd :  
 Unfriended,—hemm'd with foes,—he scorns them all.

‘Where Baal's fire ?’ he bids them call aloud :  
 In vain :—but GOD has answer'd. Swift they fall  
 Beneath his vengeful sword, like victims from the stall !<sup>43</sup>

## 4.

Champion of truth and heaven, sublimely brave !

Canst thou before a *woman*, trembling fly ?—

<sup>42</sup> 1 Kings xvii. 8, &c.

<sup>43</sup> Ibid. xviii.

Menac'd by Jezebel, his *life* to save  
He seeks the desert,—there desires to *die*!  
Sustain'd, as Moses erst, without supply,  
He dwells, where Moses dwelt, in Horeb's cave.  
A whisper breathes; ‘why *here*, Elijah, why?’  
Rocks rend around, flash lightnings, whirlwinds rave;  
That still, small voice was God's, and wakes him in his  
grave.<sup>44</sup>

## 5.

Tremble with thy remorseless Jezebel,  
Proud Ahab!—in his grandeur reappears  
The lion prophet from his tomb-like cell,  
To scorn his own, and rouse *your* wiser fears.  
Of Naboth, and your murderous fraud, he hears,  
And sternly shows the spot where Naboth fell,  
Red with *your* blood.<sup>45</sup>—Thou, too, amidst thy peers,  
Tremble, thou dying worshipper of Bel,  
At him, who thy vain troops with lightning-stroke can  
quell!<sup>46</sup>

<sup>44</sup> 1 Kings xix.

<sup>45</sup> 1 Kings xxi.

<sup>46</sup> 2 Kings i.

## 6.

His bright reward is won ; his labours end.  
See him o'er Jordan, by his mantle riven,  
Beside his lov'd Elisha slowly wend  
In farewell talk. Sudden, the sign is given ;  
Yon fiery car, by fiery coursers driven !  
Their awe-struck gaze while filial prophets bend,  
'Tis here !—'tis gone !—they view him into heaven,  
Rapt in a whirlwind, spirit-like ascend ;  
The mantle of his might dropt on his asking friend.<sup>47</sup>

## 7.

' My father, oh, my father !' lingering sighs  
That friend, now lone : the father, where is *he* ?—  
Embosom'd in the bliss of paradise,  
Where, heavenly Saviour, dwell thy saints with thee,  
With thee and angels, and thy glory see,  
Thy glory share ; as once to mortal eyes  
A glimpse was given on Tabor, when thy three

<sup>47</sup> 2 Kings ii.

Saw thee with Moses and Elijah rise,  
And heard divine discourse, the theme thy sacrifice!<sup>48</sup>

## 8.

Farewell, high-favour'd prophet!—Moses died  
On Pisgah, gazing o'er the wish'd-for land :  
JESUS on Calvary, for all beside,  
Once tasted death,<sup>49</sup> as Love Eternal plann'd.  
Thou, only thou, exempt from heaven's demand,  
Didst, while thy mantle fell, to glory ride ;  
Emblem of Him who, when the faithful band  
Of His first friends their Lord ascending ey'd,  
The promis'd Spirit sent, their Comforter and Guide.

<sup>48</sup> Luke ix. 31. “They spake of his *decease*.” The word, *εξοδος*, is thus used by Peter to denote his *death*; (2 Pet. i. 15.) but, in case of our Lord, it includes also his *ascension*.

<sup>49</sup> Hebrews ii. 9.

ISAIAH'S PROPHETIC PICTURE OF THE SUFFERING  
MESSIAH.

Isaiah lli. 13, to the end of chap. liii.

## 1.

HE comes, the servant of Jehovah's will  
 Comes, his great work with triumph to fulfil.  
 What though with scornful gaze the crowd regard  
 That form, that visage, more than mortals, marr'd ?

## 2.

Yet shall admiring nations own his law ;  
 Kings at his name shall bend in silent awe :  
 For truth divine, from human thought conceal'd,  
 O'er every land shall spread, by him reveal'd.

NOTE.—The version here presented, was composed (so far as it is included within quotation commas) by MR. MERRICK, the metrical translator of the Psalms. The writer believes that it has never yet appeared in print ; he obtained it from an authentic manuscript, Mr. M. having been tutor to his maternal grandfather. He has attempted to render this admirable version rather more complete and correct, by the addition of the two introductory stanzas, and by the occasional substitution of more approved interpretations.

## 3.

“ But who hath listen’d, who believ’d our word,  
And seen the arm of heaven’s approaching Lord ?  
Lo, as a sickly plant he lifts the head,  
A root scarce heaving from its thirsty bed.

## 4.

No grace attends him, our desire to move ;  
No beauty, to bespeak our earthly love :  
A child of grief, an intimate of woe,  
A man by men rejected, mean and low.”

## 5.

We slighted him, we scorn’d, as one that flies  
To hide his leprous shape from loathing eyes.<sup>50</sup>  
“ Yet ours the burden was, that weigh’d him down,  
And whelm’d him with afflictions not his own.

<sup>50</sup> “ Our eyes indignant from his face we turn’d,  
His worth neglected, and his weakness scorn’d.”

## 6.

We deem'd him scourg'd by heaven's avenging rod,  
A wretch abandon'd to the wrath of God :  
Yet sure for our offence such woes he found ;  
'Twas our transgression gave so deep a wound.

## 7.

His chastening brought the purchase of our peace ;  
His stripes, the healing of our dire disease.  
Like scatter'd sheep, we all have gone astray,  
And each pursued the error of his way.

## 8.

But God on him has bid the vengeance fall,  
On him has heap'd the sorrows of us all.”  
Since heaven its just demand could ne'er withdraw,  
He bore the curse of heaven's offended law.

## 9.

“ How meek, how patient, to the stroke he came,  
As, to the slaughter led, the guiltless lamb !”  
Unanswering, uncomplaining, see him stand,  
“ Mute as the sheep beneath the shearer's hand.”

## 10.

Denied that justice which the meanest share,  
(Who can the baseness of his foes declare?)<sup>51</sup>  
“ Snatch’d from the land of life awhile he lay,  
Slain for the debt my people could not pay.”

## 11.

With culprits join’d, in death he shar’d their doom ;  
Yet found his burial in the rich man’s tomb ;<sup>52</sup>  
“ And why ? his hands were innocent of wrong,  
And guile and fraud were strangers to his tongue.

## 12.

But GOD was pleas’d to bruise him, lay him low,  
And fill his portion from the cup of woe.  
—When with his life sin’s ransom he shall pay,  
His eyes delighted shall his seed survey.

<sup>51</sup> “ Lo, from the dust his sacred head he rears ;  
And who shall count the number of his years ? ”

M.

<sup>52</sup> “ Though join’d with sinners he resign’d his breath,  
The rich their wealth employ’d to grace his death.”

M.

## 13.

Through length of days his power confirm'd shall stand,  
And God's own work shall prosper in his hand.  
What joy, what transport, shall his soul pervade,  
To see the travail of that soul repaid !

## 14.

Lo, the vile crowds whose guilt my servant bore!  
They own'd him, knew him,—and are vile no more—  
He for his spoil the mighty shall obtain,  
And o'er his proudest foes extend his reign ;<sup>53</sup>

## 15.

“ Since to the death his soul he deign'd to pour,  
And, rank'd with sinners, met the destin'd hour ;  
Since, pleas'd the ransom for their guilt he gave,  
And stoop'd to plead for whom he died to save.”

<sup>53</sup> “ He with the mighty shall their spoil divide,  
And snatch his portion from the sons of pride.”

## THE SAVIOUR'S FAREWELL CHARGE.

'REMEMBER ME,' the Saviour cries ;  
 'REMEMBER how I left the skies ;  
 REMEMBER how, a man of woe,  
 My glory veil'd, I dwelt below ;  
 REMEMBER all the truth I taught,<sup>54</sup>  
 The way I walk'd, the work I wrought ;  
 REMEMBER, more than all beside,  
 The guilt-absolving death I died ;<sup>55</sup>  
 REMEMBER how, my Church's Head,  
 I rose victorious from the dead ;<sup>56</sup>  
 REMEMBER how to heaven I went,  
 And thence the promis'd Spirit sent ;<sup>57</sup>  
 REMEMBER how, at God's right hand,  
 The Priest and Advocate I stand ;  
 REMEMBER how I come again,  
 The King of saints, the Judge of men !—

<sup>4</sup> John xv. 20. Acts xx. 35. <sup>55</sup> 1 Corinthians xi. 25.

<sup>5</sup> 2 Tim. ii. 8. <sup>57</sup> Acts i. 4—9.

Wouldst thou repel the thoughts of sin ?  
**REMEMBER ME**, when such begin :  
Wouldst thou be gentle, patient, pure ?  
**REMEMBER ME**; my strength secure.<sup>58</sup>  
Wouldst thou in hours of joy beware ?  
**REMEMBER ME**, when all is fair :  
Wouldst thou thy sorrows tranquillise ?  
**REMEMBER ME**, when sorrows rise : .  
Wouldst thou in peace resign thy breath ?  
**REMEMBER ME**, and smile in death :  
Wouldst thou with God in glory be ?  
One charge I leave ; **REMEMBER ME** !

**REMEMBER THEE**, all else beyond ?—  
I **WILL**, my heart would fain respond :  
But, Saviour, 'tis my deep regret,  
That thee too often I forget.  
Give me,—my best petition,—give,  
In thy resemblance more to live : .

When on the bed of death I lie,  
In thy remembrance let me die;  
My prayer like *his* who died with thee;  
(What dearer prayer, what stronger plea?)  
—‘Lord, in thy grace, REMEMBER ME!’<sup>39</sup>

<sup>39</sup> Luke xxiii. 42.

AUGUST, 1828.

THE DIURNAL AND THE ANNUAL EMBLEM OF  
HUMAN LIFE.

"*Immortalia ne spes, monet annus, et alnum  
Quae rapit hora diem?*"

HOR.

1.

Soon the sprightly morning,—soon  
Steals away the busy noon ;  
Soon is pensive evening's light  
Buried by the covering night ;

2.

Vernal beauty, soon 'tis past ;  
Summer glory, soon o'ercast,  
Yields to fading autumn's fall,  
Yields to winter darkening all.

3.

Hours and seasons, morn and spring,  
Noon and summer, vanishing,—  
Eve, October,— night, December,—  
Whisper, 'Man, thy lot remember !

NOTE.—The sentiment of this little piece is beautifully expressed in BEATTIE's 'Hermit.'

## 4.

See thy childhood's morn and May,  
Manhood's noon his summer day,  
Age's eve and autumn,—all  
Into night and winter fall.'

## 5.

Night repeats the moral strain ;  
See the fair moon wax and wane,  
Emblem of life's orient ray,  
Emblem of its dim decay.

## 6.

Morn the darken'd earth illumes ;  
Spring on winter's waste re-blooms :  
—Where is morn to break the gloom,  
Spring the winter, of the tomb ?

## 7.

Reason pauses with a sigh ;  
Till, to Faith's prophetic eye,  
Morn and spring in soft reflection  
Paint the promis'd resurrection.

## 8.

Still by night is morning chas'd,  
Spring by winter still displac'd ;  
But the morn, the spring *supernal*,  
Fears not night,—is ever vernal !

## 9.

Nature thus, each year, each day,  
Teems with types of man's *decay* :  
Man's *revival* to presage,  
Asks the heav'n-illumin'd page.

JAN. 1835.

## Conclusion.

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### THE PRAYER-BOOK HISTORY OF HUMAN LIFE.\*

IN this time-hallow'd Book of Prayer behold  
The tale of human life, how briefly told !

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First, at the mystic font<sup>60</sup> the new-born child  
Appears, to cleanse the nature sin defil'd,  
With water, emblem of that pardon'd state,  
To which heaven calls, and faith would consecrate ;  
While the fond mother, sav'd in nature's pain  
And peril, pours devotion's thankful strain.<sup>61</sup>

NOTE.—The reader can scarcely need to be reminded of the rich poetic wreath, with which the Book of Common Prayer has been adorned by KEBLE in his 'Christian Year.'

<sup>60</sup> Baptism of Infants.

<sup>61</sup> Churching of Women.

Nor long before her nursling's opening thought  
Claims with divine instruction to be fraught.  
Lo, here, the beauteous Catechism design'd!<sup>62</sup>  
—Nor long ere next the youth's reflecting mind  
Desires the vows of infancy to seal :  
See him in solemn Confirmation kneel ;<sup>63</sup>  
Soon at the holy table to record  
The sweet Communion of his dying Lord!<sup>64</sup>

And now, matur'd to man, he woos a wife,  
The heaven-sent partner of his love and life :  
With her, before the sacred priest he stands :<sup>65</sup>  
Love join'd their hearts, Religion joins their hands.

Years roll with silent swiftness. Led by God,  
He treads the path of man his fathers trod.  
And sickness, now, forewarns him of the tomb :  
Is there no light from heaven to cheer the gloom ?

<sup>62</sup> Catechism for Children.      <sup>63</sup> Confirmation of Youth.

<sup>64</sup> Holy Communion.      <sup>65</sup> Matrimony.

Yes, pastoral Visitation<sup>66</sup> finds his home,  
When to the hours of prayer he *may* not come.  
Yet *must* he come, once more. How dear to faith  
Those words of life, heard in the scene of death,  
“ **I AM THE RESURRECTION !**”<sup>67</sup>—o’er the tomb  
They cast a glory, gilding nature’s gloom ;  
As up the aisle, amid the friends that mourn,  
Or slowly toward the grave, the corpse is borne :  
Spirit to spirit, clay returns to clay ;<sup>68</sup>  
“ And where is he ?”—“our fathers, where are they ?”<sup>69</sup>

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The Book is clos’d, whose hallow’d leaves unfold  
The tale of human life, how briefly told !

<sup>66</sup> Visitation of the Sick.

<sup>67</sup> Burial of the Dead.

<sup>68</sup> Eccles. xii. 7.

<sup>69</sup> Job xiv. 10. Zech. i. 5.

NOVEMBER, 1830.



SERIES OF THE SONGS WITH THE CORRESPONDING  
AIRS.

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Inscription.—‘*Bright be thy dreams.*’—WELSH, IN NATIONAL  
AIRS.

Introductory Stanzas.—‘*Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?*’—  
T. CARTER.

- I. How does the world.—‘*I saw thy form.*’—IRISH MELODIES.
- II. When thy heart’s emotion.—‘*Go where glory waits thee.*’—Ib.
- III. Oh, how sweet, divinely pleasant.—‘*By those eyes whose  
sweet expression.*’—ENGLISH.
- IV. When I rove or rest alone.—HAYDN’s *Surprise, in Symphony  
III.*, or ‘*Rich and rare.*’—IRISH MELODIES.
- V. When I wake.—‘*Joys of youth how fleeting.*’—PORTUGUESE,  
IN NATIONAL AIRS.

VI. Tempt no more, ye siren pleasures.—‘*Rousseau’s dream.*’

VII. When man to godlike being sprang.—‘*Erin go bragh.*’

VIII. ‘Tis vain, all vain.—‘*Begone dull care.*’—ENGLISH ; or,  
‘*As slow our ship.*’—IRISH MELODIES.

IX. Beautiful rainbow.—‘*Eri, the tear and the smile.*’—IRISH  
MELODIES.

X. How all our summer joys.—*German air, name unknown.*

XI. Farewell to sadness.—‘*Life let us cherish.*’—MOZART.

XII. What though this frame must perish.—‘*Away with melan-  
choly.*’—Ibid.

XIII. Blest spirit, who hast gain’d.—‘*Swiss Ranz des Vaches.*’

XIV. Were salvation’s hope.—‘*Fresh and strong the breeze is  
blowing.*’—DR. ARNOLD.

XV. When age with wintry force.—‘*When time who steals our  
years away.*’—MOORE.

XVI. Oh, return that happier day.—‘*Stay, ye fleeting moments,  
stay.*’—MOZART.

XVII. Why art thou grieving?—‘*Di tanti palpiti.*’—ROSSINI.

XVIII. Oh, when will grace?—‘*The Soldier Bridegroom’s  
Song.*’—WORDS BY SCOTT, MUSIC BY STEVENSON.

XIX. Oh, trust them not.—‘*Que veut il dire?*’—FRENCH.

XX. My heart is deeply pain’d.—‘*Farewell, farewell, that sigh.*’  
—HAYDN (*Andante in his overture in D.*)

XXI. The crystal vase.—‘*Cadet et Babet.*’—FRENCH.

XXII. The dove has ta'en her flight.—‘*La rose et la violette.*’

—FRENCH; or, ‘*The lass of Pattie’s Mill.*’

XXIII. Gentlest creature.—‘*Ah, perdona.*’—MOZART.

XXIV. Oh, moments of feeling.—‘*’Tis the last rose of summer.*’

—IRISH MEL.

XXV. So then thy voyage.—‘*L’encens des fleurs.*’—SWISS.

XXVI. Withdraw not thy presence.—‘*I sigh and lament me in vain.*’—QUEEN MARY’S LAMENTATION.

XXVII. Oft at dead of night.—‘*All that’s bright must fade.*’—

INDIAN, IN NATIONAL AIRS.

XXVIII. Keep, oh keep me.—‘*Portrait charmant.*’—FRENCH.

XXIX. Yon exquisite plant.—‘*Has sorrow thy young days shaded?*’—IRISH MEL.

XXX. Hast thou wander’d in spring?—‘*Believe me if all.*’

—Ibid.

XXXI. Hast thou gaz’d on the lake?—‘*It is not the tear.*’—Ib.

XXXII. Made soft with rain.—‘*My gentle harp.*’—Ib.

XXXIII. Hast thou at summer dawn.—‘*Oft in the stilly night.*’

—SCOTTISH, IN NATIONAL AIRS.

XXXIV. The flowers of thy garden.—‘*’Twas one of those dreams.*’

—IRISH MEL.

XXXV. Learn of me.—‘*When through life unblest we rove.*’—

Ibid.

XXXVI. Grant me, Lord.—‘*Ah, vous dirai-je?*’—ROUSSEAU.

XXXVII. Oh, could we pilgrims.—‘*The harp that once.*’—

IRISH MEL.

XXXVIII. Though far from thy country.—‘*Though the last glimpse of Erin.*’—Ibid.

XXXIX. Yes, I must love.—‘*Talk not of love: it gives me pain.*’

—MRS. CUMBERLAND; OR, ‘*Thine I am, my faithful fair.*’—

WHITAKER; OR, ‘*O softly sleep, my baby boy.*’—SMITH.

XL. Fain would I daily.—‘*Sweet Innisfallen.*’—IRISH MELODIES.

XLI. When the vale of life awhile.—‘*Rode’s air,*’ sung by MADAME CATALANI.

XLII. Afflict me, Lord, for good.—‘*Nel cor piu non mi sento.*’—

PAESIELLO.—‘*Hope told a flattering tale.*’—ITALIAN.

XLIII. When the rising lord of light.—*Air in Pleyel’s Concertante.*

XLIV. All may be outwardly.—‘*Vedrai carino.*’—MOZART.

XLV. If so sweet e’en here.—*German cavatina.*—BIEREY.\*

\* The writer regrets that this exquisitely expressive air, associated here with one which he would place among his happiest adaptions, should be unknown in this country: he met with it at Heidelberg, in 1817. A sacred Cantata by BIEREY, replete with charming music, and adapted to English words, was first performed by the Shrewsbury Choral Society, October, 1836, and again May, 1837.—As a substitute for the German Cavatina, may be mentioned the air, ‘*Tis thy will, and I must leave thee;*’ or, ‘*Sweet doth blush the rosy morning.*’

XLVI. Oh, when it comes.—‘*Si vous avez connu.*’—FRENCH ;  
or, *Dirge in Cymbeline*.

XLVII. Farewell : the hour is come.—‘*Se mi credi.*’—ITALIAN.

XLVIII. If I were always true.—‘*And ye shall walk in silk attire.*’  
—SCOTTISH.

XLIX. Those pleasant hours are o'er.—MOZART, *Sonata 2,*  
*Op. 2.*

L. 'Tis past that night.—‘*If doughty deeds.*’—SCOTTISH.

LI. 'Tis the last of the days.—‘*Oh, breathe not his name.*’—  
IRISH MEL.

LII. They talk'd of Jesus.—‘*Should auld acquaintance be forgot.*’  
—SCOTTISH.

LIII. Lov'st thou me ?—‘*Wilt thou say farewell ?*’—MOORE.

LIV. Night cast unwonted gloom.—‘*Roslin Castle.*’—SCOTTISH.

LV. In spirit pause.—‘*Morva Rhuddlan.*’—WELSH.

LVI. Oh, think, though now.—‘*Thou'rt gane awa.*’—SCOTTISH

LVII. How happy, past utterance.—‘*In April, when primroses.*’  
—Ibid.

LVIII. Oh, to him how sweet.—‘*Nôs Galan.*’—WELSH.

LIX. Happy those who.—‘*Blithe I hae been.*’—SCOTTISH ; or,  
‘*Shepherds, I have lost my love.*’—Ibid.

LX. How sweetly mingling.—‘*Gin living worth.*’—Ibid.

LXI. Oh, leave me not.—‘*Ye banks and braes.*’—Ibid.

LXII. Oh, Lord, I have wander'd.—‘*O Logie o' Buchan.*’—Ibid.

LXIII. They wept when they parted.—‘*Here’s a health to them that’s awa.*’—SCOTTISH.

LXIV. How can those.—‘*Galla Water.*’—Ibid.\*

LXV. Can I deem myself.—‘*Lewie Gordon.*’—Ibid.

LXVI. Oh, why hast thou circled?—‘*Jessie of Dunblane.*’—Ibid.

LXVII. Oh, say, shall the spirit.—‘*Through grief and through danger.*’—IRISH MEL.

LXVIII. ‘Tis come, the time.—‘*The manly heart.*’—MOZART.

LXIX. They all were strangers.—‘*There’s nae luck.*’—SCOTTISH; or, ‘*The winter, it is past.*’—SCOTTISH, arranged by BRAHAM.

LXX. He waited years.—‘*Oh, haste, and leave this sacred Isle.*’—IRISH MEL.

LXXI. Yes, Lord of the sabbath.—‘*Oh, remember the time.*’—SPANISH.

LXXII. Oft the most belov’d.—‘*Ar hyd y nos.*’—WELSH.

LXXIII. His brother’s rage.—‘*Mary’s dream.*’—ENGLISH.

LXXIV. Strangers all were parted.—‘*Sul margine.*’—ITALIAN.

LXXV. When the high communion.—‘*Go, forget me.*’—J. P. KNIGHT.

\* “Perhaps the air of this song is the very sweetest of all the fine airs of Caledonia: it charmed Haydn so much that he wrote under it, in the best English he could muster; ‘*This one Dr. Haydn’s favourite song.*’”—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM’s *Notes on Burns*, vol. iv.

LXXVI. See them bending.—‘*Tears of an imprison'd maiden.*’—*Air in Dr. CLARKE WHITFIELD's glee, ‘Is it the roar of Teviot's tide?’*

LXXVII. There is a state.—‘*Mary, I believ'd thee true.*’—**STEVENSON.**

LXXVIII. Thou'rt poor.—‘*The Meeting of the Waters.*’—**IRISH MEL.**

LXXIX. The saint with all.—‘*When he who adores thee.*’—**IRISH MEL.**

LXXX. Shall thy bosom.—‘*God preserve the Emperor Francis.*’  
**HAYDN** ; or, ‘*The harmonious blacksmith.*’—**HANDEL.**

LXXXI. Sweetly, oh, sweetly.—‘*Drink to me only.*’—**ENGLISH.**

LXXXII. Oh, where is the face.—‘*Dear harp of my country.*’—  
**IRISH MEL.**

LXXXIII. Weep not, oh, weep not.—‘*Farewell Theresa.*’—  
**VENETIAN, IN NATIONAL AIRS.**

LXXXIV. And is there a land.—‘*Oh where, and oh where.*’—  
**SCOTTISH.**

LXXXV.—He climb'd the lonely mountain.—‘*Oh, no, we never mention her.*’—**BISHOP.**

LXXXVI. Oh, do not forsake me.—‘*By the Feal's wave.*’—  
**IRISH MEL.**

LXXXVII. How soon, when our path.—‘*She is far from the land.*’—**IRISH MEL.**

LXXXVIII. Oh, how kindly.—‘*Isle of beauty.*’—MR. WHITMORE.

LXXXIX. Say, why should thy heart.—‘*Sweet fa’s the eve on Craigie burn.*’—SCOTTISH.

XC. How still, amidst commotion.—‘*Flow on thou shining river.*’—PORTUGUESE, IN NATIONAL AIRS.

XCI. Would thou thine every joy.—‘*Oh, come to me when daylight sets.*’—VENEZIAN, IN NATIONAL AIRS.

XCII. No, cease thy sorrow.—‘*Those evening bells.*’—RUSSIAN, IN NATIONAL AIRS.

XCIII. While life presses on.—‘*Farewell, but whenever.*’—IRISH MELODIES.

XCIV. When the heavens.—‘*When the rosy morn appearing.*’—SHIELD.

XCV. A stranger, a sojourner.—‘*Sweet home.*’—BISHOP.

XCVI. When all around is smiling.—‘*Isabel.*’—SPANISH.

XCVII. Oh, how sweet the voice of song.—‘*Smile again, my bonnie lassie.*’—J. PARRY.

XCVIII. And say’st thou.—‘*Last notes of Weber,’ arranged by Barnett; or, ‘She wore a wreath of roses.*’—J. P. KNIGHT.

XCIX. Sweetly ye blow.—‘*Canadian boat-song.*’

C. Wake, sweet voice.—‘*Sing, sweet harp!*’—IRISH MELODIES.

ADDITIONAL PIECES.

SONS ON PISGAH.

THE

MESSIAH'S PROPHETIC PICTURE OF THE SUFFERING MESSIAH.

SAVIOUR'S FAREWELL CHARGE.

DIURNAL AND THE ANNUAL EMBLEM OF HUMAN LIFE.

PRAYER-BOOK HISTORY OF HUMAN LIFE.

END.

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Chilcott, Printer, Bristol.













